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MEMOIRS

OF

SOPHIA, ELECTRESS OF HANOVER

1630—1680

TRANSLATED BY H. FORESTER

LONDON

RICHARD BENTLEY & SON, NEW BURLINGTON STREET

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INTRODUCTION

No excuse is needed for introducing the Memoirs of the Electress Sophia of Hanover to English readers. The granddaughter of our James I., the child of Elizabeth Stuart and Frederick, Elector Palatine, better known as the ill-fated 'Winterkönig' of Bohemia, married to Ernest Augustus, youngest of the four Dukes of Brunswick, she became, as mother of our George I. and of Sophia Charlotte, first Queen of Prussia, the common ancestress of our own Queen and of the Emperor of Germany. Hence she is of considerable importance to

our history. Last, though not least of Electress Sophia's claims on our interest, she was the 'Serena' of Leibnitz, that faithful friend and kind patroness to whom his celebrated series of philosophic letters were addressed.

Besides the ties that bound her to England and Germany, the Electress had also a connecting link with the royal family of France, as Philip, Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIV., married, first, her cousin Henrietta of England, and secondly, her niece, Elizabeth Charlotte, daughter of her elder brother, Charles Louis, Elector Palatine. A younger brother, Edward, was the husband of Anne de Gonzague, famous among the heroines of the Fronde as 'Madame la Palatine' (after whom, by the way, the long fur boa, now so much worn by ladies, was in former days called a

Palatine). Of this 'dame romantique,' before her conversion, Bossuet declared that she possessed 'toutes les vertues dont l'enfer est rempli.' Before the Electress begins her Memoirs, however, this lady had calmed down and learned to 'fear God and honour the King.'

With Denmark the Electress was connected through its Queen, who was sister to the Dukes of Brunswick; with Holland, through the Prince of Orange (William III. of England), who was the son of one and husband of another Mary Stuart.

The life story of the Electress Sophia, told in her own way, is its own best recommendation. To give this story as simply and faithfully as is possible in the dim reflection of another language has been the aim of the translator.

The style might indeed have been com-

pletely remodelled and turned into modern English phraseology, but what would the Electress have said to such a travesty?—she, the gay and sprightly 'enfant du seigneur,' qui 's'adjuste en coquette!'—she, who, writing in the true 'grande dame' style of two hundred years ago, was a law unto herself both as regarded grammar and spelling, 'car la commodité l'emporte toujours auprès de moi'—she, who by sheer force of creative originality produced not only her own style but her own French also!—a French far indeed removed from that of the author of the classic 'Siècle de Louis XIV.,' yet a powerful weapon when wielded by a writer of her ability. Concerning her literary style Leibnitz thus expresses himself:

'Le style paroist simple, mais il a une force merveilleuse, et je le trouve du

caractère que Longin appelle sublime, malgré cette négligence apparente. Lors même qu'il semble qu'on ne dit que des choses ordinaires, elles se trouvent relevées par un certain tour admirable, qui donne occasion à faire des réflexions solides sur des choses humaines.'

Assuredly the idea of appearing in a modern nineteenth-century garb would present even greater terrors to our heroine than those which she experienced when, 'vestue en justaucorps et en perruque,' she stole into Milan, 'par bonheur sans qu'on le sceut,' escaping the dreaded detachment of 'toutes les dames avec toute la noblesse,' headed doubtless, as usual, by the masterful Contessa Hipolita Visconti, 'car j'avais la plus grand peur du monde qu'on m'aurait vu dans cette équippage.'

So much for the style of the Electress

Sophia—a style which carries the reader onward as delightfully as her own horses carried the Duchess of Orleans, who was charmed with them, 'parce qu'elle les avait trouvés fort vistes;' while the translator shares the evil case of 'ceux qui avaient été obligés de la suivre à cheval,' and who 'ne s'accomodaient nullement à cette manière allemande.'

A word must be said with respect to the subject-matter of the Electress's memoirs. Is it trustworthy?

So far as she herself could see and hear it is undoubtedly to be relied on; for though at times her judgment is evidently biassed by private pique or party politics, she has never yet been convicted of wilful misstatement of facts.

The mysterious Orange plot with 'faithful Fritz' now appears somewhat mythical,

but that which seems mythical to us may once have been to true believers an article of faith. The Electress's view of English politics is certainly one-sided, but, as showing us some aspects presented by the Royalist party—'the king over the water' and his train of hungry refugees—it throws a curious side-light on the English history of its day. How little of fact, how much of fancy, there may be in Sophia's picture of Montrose and his aspirations can never now be known, for his hopes and fears all perished with himself.

When she leaves public events and confines herself to personal experience, the Electress treads on surer ground. No one can fail to recognise her portrait of Charles II.—selfish, careless, and unscrupulous—the man who could truly say, 'It was *not* good for me that I was afflicted,' because adver-

sity brought out the worst points of his character instead of strengthening the good, as it does when worthily borne.

Of the Electress's judgments pronounced on the Electress Charlotte, Mme. de Colonna, and Eleonore d'Olbreuse, the three women who so sorely tried her patience as sister, wife, and mother, we ourselves are unable to give an opinion; but Dr. Adolf Köcher, the learned editor of her Memoirs, after carefully weighing evidence on all sides, gives his verdict in favour of the Electress Sophia's veracity.

No lover of his 'Siècle de Louis XIV.' will blame as too minute Sophia's account of the 'Grand Monarque,' his family favourites and court; while to those who care for none of these things, we have but Dante's advice to give:

Non ragioniam di lor, ma—passa.

It is characteristic of this pre-Rousseau period that in her many journeyings the Electress has scarce a word to say of nature. Once, indeed, is nature unadorned admired, for in the sentence, 'Je passay par le pays du Duc de Wurtemburg, que je trouvay parfaitement beau,' the reader is not called upon to admire the Duke. A few vivid touches bring before us the terrors without the beauties of Switzerland; but let the modern wayfarer, protected by modern science and engineering from the wrath of nature, bear in mind that 'terror æsthetic is terror reflected, not realised.'

The Electress Sophia had a keen eye for art. The pictures, statues, and buildings, above all the gardens of Italy, were her delight; and in France she was led, alike by good sense and good taste, to prefer Liancourt and St. Cloud to Versailles—'où

la dépense a fait plus de merveilles que la nature.'

While aiming at accuracy this translation does not claim to be complete. Various passages have been omitted as distasteful to our modern ideas. Even in her own day the Electress would perhaps hardly have inserted some of them in any but an 'escrit qui n'est que pour moi.'

All who are interested in historical investigation, and who desire to enjoy a true classic of its kind, are referred to Dr. Adolf Köcher's admirable work, entitled 'Denkwürdigkeiten der Kurfürstin Sophie,'[1] which, enriched with his own notes and the emendations of Leibnitz, gives as thoroughly critical a revision of the text as if it were

[1] *Denkwürdigkeiten der Kurfürstin Sophie von Hannover*, in vol. iv. of Publications from the Royal Archives of Prussia.

a newly discovered 'codex' of an antique writer.

The original MS. has, as Dr. Köcher informs us, entirely disappeared. A copy in the hands of Leibnitz alone remains to posterity. This copy, discovered by G. H. Pertz among the archives at Hanover, has been mentioned and quoted by two German historians, Kopp and Havemann, and was to have been published entire by its discoverer, Pertz. As he, however, failed to carry out his intention, the admirable edition of Dr. Adolf Köcher, from which we have had permission to work, is the first, and from its perfection may well remain the last, critical revision of the Memoirs of Sophia, Electress of Hanover, extending from her birth in 1630 to 1680, her fiftieth year.

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MEMOIRS

OF

SOPHIA, ELECTRESS OF HANOVER.

CHAPTER I.

HANOVER, 1680—BIRTH, 1630—INFANCY—EDUCATION AT LEYDEN—AT HER MOTHER'S COURT—QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA—SISTERS AND FRIENDS—PROJECTS OF MARRIAGE—MARQUIS OF MONTROSE—CHARLES II.—LORD CRAVEN—VERSES.

As at the age which I have reached there can be no better occupation for me than that of recalling to memory my past life, I believe that I may indulge this inclination without risk of figuring in these writings (which are for myself alone) as the heroine of a tale, or of seeming desirous to imitate those romantic ladies whose lives have become celebrated by their extraordinary conduct.

My object is merely to amuse myself during the absence of the Duke my husband, to avoid melancholy and to keep up my spirits; for I am convinced that cheerfulness preserves health as well as life, which is very dear to me.

I was born, they tell me, October 14, 1630, and being the twelfth child of the King my father,[1] and of the Queen my mother,[2] I can well believe that my birth caused them but little satisfaction. They were even puzzled to find a name and godparents for me, as all the kings and princes of consideration had already performed this office for the children that came before me.

The plan was adopted of writing various names on slips of paper and casting lots for the one which I should bear; thus chance bestowed on me the name of Sophia. To

[1] Frederick V., Elector Palatine 1610, King of Bohemia 1619.

[2] Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of James I. of England.

procure godmothers of this name for me the King chose the Princess Palatine de Birckenfeld, Countess of Hohenlohe,[1] the Countess of Culenbourg,[2] and Mme. de Brederode, Countess of Nassau;[3] and for godfathers the Estates of Friesland.

No sooner was I strong enough to be moved than the Queen my mother sent me to Leyden, which is but three days' journey from the Hague, and where her Majesty had her whole family brought up apart from herself, preferring the sight of her monkeys and dogs to that of her children.

At Leyden we had a court quite in the German style. Our hours as well as our curtsies were all laid down by rule. My governess, whose name was Mme. de Ples, had held the same post with my father

[1] Sophia, daughter of Charles I., Count Palatine of Birkenfeld, wife of Count Crato of Hohenlohe-Neuenstein, died 1676.

[2] Cuylenburg (?).

[3] Sophia Hedwig, daughter of Duke Henry Julius of Braunschweig, wife of Count Ernest Casimir of Nassau-Dietz.

when he was a child, and from this fact her probable age may be guessed. She was, however, assisted in her duties by two daughters, who looked older than their mother. Their conduct was equally upright towards God and man. I believe that they prayed to God, and never disturbed man, for their appearance was frightful enough to terrify little children. They taught me to love God and fear the Devil, and brought me up strictly according to the good doctrine of Calvin.

I learned the Heidelberg catechism in German, and knew it by heart, without understanding a word of it. I rose at seven in the morning, and was obliged to go every day *en déshabillé* to Mlle. Marie de Quat, one of the ladies before mentioned, who made me pray and read the Bible. She then set me to learn the 'Quadrains de Pebrac,'[1] while she employed the time in

[1] Gui de Faur Pibrac, born about 1529, died 1584, author of *Fifty Quatrains, containing useful Precepts*

brushing her teeth; her grimaces during this performance are more firmly fixed in my memory than the lessons which she tried to teach. I was then dressed and prepared by half-past eight to endure the regular succession of teacher after teacher.

They kept me busy until ten o'clock, except when, to my comfort, kind Providence sent them a cold in the head. At ten o'clock the dancing-master was always welcome, for he gave me exercise till eleven, which was the dinner hour. This meal always took place with great ceremony at a long table. On entering the dining-room I found all my brothers drawn up in front, with their governors and gentlemen posted behind in the same order side by side. I was obliged by rule to make first a very low curtsy to the princes, a slighter one to

for the Guidance of Man. Seventy-six were ultimately added to the original fifty, and the whole work was much used in the education of children at that time.

the others, another low one on placing myself opposite to them, then another slight one to my governess, who on entering the room with her daughters curtsied very low to me. I was obliged to curtsy again on handing over my gloves to their custody, then again on placing myself opposite to my brothers, again when the gentlemen brought me a large basin in which to wash my hands, again after grace was said, and for the last and ninth time on seating myself at table.

Everything was so arranged that we knew on each day of the week what we were to eat, as is the case in convents. On Sundays and Wednesdays two divines or two professors were always invited to dine with us. They believed that I should turn out a prodigy of learning because I was so quick, but my only object in applying myself was to give up study when I had acquired all that was necessary, and be no longer forced to endure the

weariness of learning. After dinner I rested till two o'clock, when my teachers returned to the charge. At six I supped, and at half-past eight went to bed, having said my prayers and read some chapters in the Bible.

I led this life up to the age of nine or ten years. I pass over in silence the tricks that I used to play on my governess, now become blind from old age, fearing lest my history might resemble that of the Tormes (?) family. Suffice it to say that, as my brothers and sisters grew up, the Queen withdrew them from Leyden. The princes she sent to travel, and kept the princesses to live with herself at the Hague.

I had been left at Leyden with a little brother,[1] a year younger than myself, who died at eight years of age. The sad news of my father's death was brought to the Queen my mother at the time of his birth. The poor child suffered from the first, and

[1] Gustav, Jan. 13, 1632; Jan. 9, 1641.

one might say as of him in the Gospel, 'Had this man sinned or his parents?' that he was born so sickly! Still he was very handsome, and I can remember one afternoon, when the Queen had sent for us to the Hague to show us, as one would a stud of horses, to her cousin, the Princess of Nassau, that Mme. Gorin said, looking at us both, 'He is very handsome, but she is thin and ugly; I hope that she does not understand English.' To my vexation I understood but too well, and was deeply distressed, believing that my ill-fortune was past all remedy; yet it was not so great as that of my poor little brother, who died soon afterwards in such terrible suffering that one shudders to think of it.

His death (January 9, 1641) broke up our court at Leyden, for to my great joy it was not thought advisable to leave me there quite alone; still I felt regret at parting from my good old friends, who were no longer able to change their home and

habits. I loved them from custom and gratitude, for sympathy rarely exists between youth and age. They were respected by everyone for their goodness; and having lived as saints they died as they had lived.

I was between nine and ten years of age when I came to live at my mother's court at the Hague, and I was lost in an ignorant admiration of all that I beheld. To me it was as the joy of Paradise to see such varying kinds of life, and so many people; above all to behold my teachers no more. I was not at all abashed by meeting with three elder sisters, all handsomer and more accomplished than myself, but felt quite pleased that my gaiety and wild spirits should serve to amuse them.

Even the Queen took pleasure in me, and liked to see me teased, so that I might sharpen my wits in my own defence. I made it my business to tease everyone. Clever people enjoyed the sport, while to others I was an object of terror. Among the latter

was the Prince of Tarentum,[1] who, not having wit to defend himself, fled from me as if I had been the plague. Among the former were M. de Zulestem and M. Marigné. M. Zulestem,[2] being a Dutchman, was not always very refined in his wit; Marigné, a Frenchman, had more wit and better manners. In order to amuse the Queen, he wrote a letter in the name of all her Majesty's monkeys, electing me to be their queen. This letter was handed to me in a large company, to see how I would take it. I was too much amused to be angry, so laughed with the rest.

They tried to play me another trick about a son of the Venetian ambassador named Contarini, who was very handsome and often played with me. An Englishman called Vain (Vane?), who was always being teased for his long chin, wrote a letter in

[1] Henri Charles de la Trémouille, Prince de Tarente.

[2] Zuylichem, natural son of Frederick Henry of Orange.

the little Venetian's name after his departure; this letter he brought to me in hopes of eliciting some answer about which he might tease me afterwards. I saw through his purpose, and wishing to pay him in his own coin, gave him secretly a small box, which, I said, contained a ring, accompanying it with a letter for the little Venetian. In the box I put a crust of the dog's bread; in the letter was written:

> Pour M. le Confident
> Je lui donne ce présent;
> Il est long et de la forme
> De son menton si difforme.[1]

So many jokes of a similar nature, but quite unworthy of remembrance, took place at this time, that I prefer to turn my thoughts to a period somewhat later, when I began to grow rather more rational.

[1] This little present I intend
For Mr. Confidential Friend;
'Tis long, and what he finds within
Will match his own misshapen chin.

The Queen generally retired in summer to a hunting lodge called Rhenen. On one occasion when her Majesty was there, my sisters proposed to act the play of 'Medea' to amuse her. They told me that I was to have no part because I could not learn so many verses by heart. This remark piqued me so much that I learned the whole play, though the part of Nérine was all that I required to know. The Queen was quite satisfied with my performance. The dressmakers had arranged my costume, and an actress had taught me the proper gesticulations, for I understood none of the verses that I repeated, in which, indeed, my youth was sufficient excuse, seeing that I was but eleven years old.

Some time after our play the Queen returned to the Hague, where the Queen of England[1] arrived with Mlle. Marie,[2] her daughter, who was betrothed to the Prince

[1] Henrietta Maria.

[2] Mary, married to Prince of Orange, 1641.

of Orange. The Queen my mother went to meet her at Houslardick,[1] and I was chosen out from among my sisters as being the fittest companion for the young princess, who was but little younger than myself.

The fine portraits of Van Dyck had given me such an idea of the beauty of all English ladies, that I was surprised to find the Queen (so beautiful in her picture) a little woman with long lean arms, crooked shoulders, and teeth protruding from her mouth like guns from a fort. Still, after careful inspection, I found she had beautiful eyes, a well-shaped nose, and an admirable complexion. She did me the honour to say that she thought me rather like Mlle. her daughter. So pleased was I, that from that time forward I considered her quite handsome.

I also heard the English milords say to each other that, when grown up, I should eclipse all my sisters. This remark gave

[1] Helvoetsluys.

me a liking for the whole English nation, so charming is it to be admired when one is young.

My sister, who was called Mme. Elizabeth,[1] had black hair, a dazzling complexion, brown sparkling eyes, a well-shaped forehead, beautiful cherry lips, and a sharp aquiline nose, which was rather apt to turn red. She loved study, but all her philosophy could not save her from vexation when her nose was red. At such times she hid herself from the world. I remember that my sister, Princess Louise, who was not so sensitive, asked her on one such unlucky occasion to come upstairs to the Queen, as it was the usual hour for visiting her. Princess Elizabeth said, 'Would you have me go with this nose?' The other replied, 'Will you wait till you get another?'

Louise[2] was lively and unaffected; Eliza-

[1] Elizabeth, born 1618. Abbess of Herford, 1667–1680.

[2] Louise Hollandine, born 1622. Joined Roman Catholic Church 1658. Abbess of Maubuisson, in France, 1664–1709.

beth very learned—she knew every language and every science under the sun, and corresponded regularly with Descartes. This great learning, however, by making her rather absent-minded, often became the subject of our mirth. Princess Louise was not so handsome, but had, in my opinion, a more amiable disposition. She devoted herself to painting, and so strong was her talent for it that she could take likenesses without seeing the originals. While painting others she neglected herself sadly. One would have said that her clothes had been thrown on her, and this caused Mr. Herinton[1] to compare her in his verses to a painter who, failing to paint a horse's foam, threw his brush at the picture in a rage, and by this chance succeeded to perfection.

My sister Henriette[2] bore no resem-

[1] Harrington.

[2] Henriette Marie, born 1626. Married Sigismund Rakoczy von Siebenbürgen 1651; died 1651.

blance to the other two. She had fair flaxen hair, a complexion, without exaggeration, of lilies and roses, and a nose which, although well shaped, was able to resist the cold. She had soft eyes, black well-arched eyebrows, an admirable contour of face and forehead, a pretty mouth, and hands and arms as perfect as if they had been turned with a lathe. Of her feet and ankles I need say no more than that they resembled those of the rest of her family. Her talents, by which I chiefly profited, lay in the direction of needlework and preserve-making.

I must also mention that, as the Demoiselles de Quat were unable themselves to follow me to the Hague, they wished to provide me with a person after their own hearts as my constant attendant, and for this purpose recommended an old maid called Galen, whom I could not endure, for I thought her very disagreeable, and was not alone in my opinion. Often did I hide behind some bed curtains or a piece of

tapestry to give her the trouble of searching the house for me. I took a fancy to an English girl called Carray,[1] who waited on my sister Henriette. She was a modest young creature, not handsome but fresh-looking, with great taste in dress. Her elder sister, one of the Queen's maids of honour, was a person of remarkable prudence and judgment. The younger sister loved me from inclination, the elder from policy as well, for she saw that I was beginning to have influence, and might some day be useful in pushing her fortune. She desired her sister to superintend my dress, and to set me off to the best advantage. The task was an easy one, for youth is in itself the greatest possible ornament.

I had light brown naturally curling hair, a gay and easy manner, a good though not very tall figure, and the bearing of a princess. Other charms, now no longer reflected in my mirror, I do not care to recall.

[1] In the copy of Leibnitz, Carey or Carray.

I prefer the pleasure of looking at my portraits taken at that time to the task of describing what is past and gone.

Slander just then was very prevalent at the Hague. It had become a kind of fashion for the wits to sit in judgment on everybody's words and actions. My manners and behaviour had been so carefully watched over by my two elder sisters that I was even more commended for conduct than for beauty. An old Englishman, Lord Craven (William),[1] took an interest in me. There was an idea that I might some day marry the Prince of Wales, who was a year my senior. My friends hoped for success, because the English desired for their prince a wife of his own religion, and at that time there were no Protestant princesses of birth superior to mine for him to choose amongst.

My good friends were not alone in lifting their eyes to a prize so tempting. The

[1] William, 1st Earl of Craven, has been supposed to have been privately married to Elizabeth Stuart.

princess, wife of Prince Henry of Orange, had formed the same plan for one of her own daughters, and also expected to succeed on the score of her religion. I was, as she thought, the only obstacle to her indomitable ambition. She held counsel with her husband on this subject, and determined to do her utmost to destroy my reputation, well knowing that the world is easily deceived by appearances. She resolved that her son, who was already married, should try to compromise me, believing that I would permit, without alarm, the attentions of so distinguished a prince. A German valet named Fritz happened to overhear the discussion of this plan, and, being a well-principled youth, was so shocked by its wickedness that he at once informed Streithagen, the minister of my brother, the Elector Palatine,[1] of all that he had heard. Time soon proved that he told the truth,

[1] Charles Louis, born 1617; Elector, 1649; died 1680.

for the young prince, by his mother's orders, appeared regularly every evening in my mother's antechamber. It was all, however, labour lost, for whenever he appeared I retired. Driven to seek some other means of setting the world talking, they made the prince arrange a ballet, in which my brother Prince Philip[1] could not refuse to join; neither would he, as they thought, derogate from his rank by practising it at the court of Orange instead of in his own apartments. But my brother, who saw through this scheme, circumvented it by declaring that his room was too small; for he easily perceived that their object was simply to gain freer access to our court, so as to make the world talk. They then employed the Rhinegrave,[2] who dared to tell me that I might, if I pleased, govern all Holland and follow the example of Mme. de Chevreuse,[3] who had gained such

[1] Born 1627, died 1655. [2] Otto von Salm (?).

[3] Marie de Bohan. Married, first, the Duc de Luynes; secondly, the Duc de Chevreuse, son of Henri de Guise.

power by her charms. I replied that he had better give such advice to his own wife, who was, I believed, far too good to follow it, as she was greatly superior to her husband.

Meanwhile I was much courted by the English nation,[1] who took endless trouble to please me, and all for the very shadow of a chance, for the affairs of King Charles I. were in a desperate state. He himself was a prisoner in the Isle of Wight, and the Prince of Wales, for whose sake they made so much of me, had come to take refuge at the Hague. We saw that he was a prince richly endowed by nature, but not sufficiently so by fortune to allow him to think of marriage. Several of the English, however, thought of it for him, even after the terrible death of the King his father,[2] which made him King by succession. A rising also took place against Cromwell, the chiefs of which were in my interest; but, like the

[1] Refugees. [2] Jan. 30, 1649.

King their master, they had the misfortune to be betrayed and beheaded.

Among those who sought their own fortune in my service was the Marquis of Montrose. Being a good general, and a man of great ability, he believed everything to be attainable by his courage and talent, and was certain of re-establishing the young King if his Majesty would appoint him Viceroy of Scotland, and after so signal a service, bestow on him the hand of my sister, Princess Louise. The commission was granted by the King, notwithstanding the opposition of a hostile Presbyterian faction headed by the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Lauderdale. The Princess of Orange, seeing that they were opposed to Montrose, set them down as my enemies also, plotted to such good effect that the Presbyterians turned against me in favour of her daughter, being persuaded that I was no good Presbyterian because I went to ' Common Prayer ' with the King.

Montrose meanwhile went to Scotland, and the Parliament, dreading his influence and valour, sent deputies to the King at Breda—where I also was with the Queen my mother—offering the crown of Scotland on condition that he gave up Montrose, swore to the Covenant, and acknowledged the Parliament as lawful. The King suffered himself to be persuaded by the enemies of Montrose to grant all this in order to secure the crown for himself. I was deeply shocked; the more so on hearing that the gallant Montrose had been put to a cruel death, as may be read in the history of England.

I had noticed other signs of weakness on the King's part. He and I had always been on the best of terms, as cousins and friends, and he had shown a liking for me with which I was much gratified. One day, however, his friends Lord Gerit and Somerset Fox, being in want of money, persuaded him to pay me compliments on the pro-

menade at Vorhoeit.[1] Among other things he told me that I was handsomer than Mrs. Berlo,[2] and that he hoped soon to see me in England. I was surprised by this speech, and learned afterwards that Somerset Fox's object was to induce me to ask Lord Craven for money for the King, which he (Somerset Fox) meant to share with his comrade, Lord Gerit. I was highly offended; but the Queen, who had noticed his Majesty's marked attentions, was just as much delighted, and blamed me for not going to the promenade on the following evening. I made the excuse of a corn on my foot, which prevented me from walking. My real reason, however, was to avoid the King, having sense enough to know that the marriages of great kings are not made up by such means. I also remarked that the King, who used to

[1] Voorhout, in South Holland.

[2] Mrs. Barlow, better known as Lucy Walters or Waters. She was mother of the Duke of Monmouth, and is described by Evelyn (Aug. 19, 1649) as 'a browne, beautifull, bold, but insipid creature.'

seek my society, avoided it in the presence of the Scottish deputies. All these circumstances combined proved to me that my friends' plan would come to nothing, and that, were I to remain in Holland, I should doubtless be subjected to the mortification of losing the esteem in which I was held; for those persons who now paid court to me would do so no longer when they came to perceive that I was powerless to reward them.

I remember with amusement the folly of certain persons who sought thus to push their fortunes. How they vied with each other as to which among them should best insinuate himself or herself into my good graces! Chief among the ladies, though belonging to different factions, were Mrs. Herbert, Mrs. Stenton, and Mrs. Waler. These good ladies were each other's rivals for my favour, and I used often to enjoy a hearty laugh at their expense with my faithful friends the Carrays, old Lord

Craven frequently taking part in our mirth.

Lord Craven was a very valuable friend, for he possessed a purse better furnished than my own from which to provide presents for my partisans. He always had refreshments standing ready, and used to give away quantities of little ornaments, such as would delight young people. He needed all these attractions to make him agreeable, and to enable us to tease him a little in private. In order to shine in conversation the good man used to say the oddest things. One day he declared that he was able at pleasure to think of nothing, and, shutting his eyes, said, 'Now, I am thinking of nothing.' On another occasion he maintained that French should be spelt in Latin. I told him that for the most part the words in these languages were utterly unlike, and asked him how he would spell 'l'huile.' He replied, 'With an o, because *oglio* is the Latin for oil;' at which we all laughed heartily.

I was then of so gay a disposition that everything amused me. Our family misfortunes had no power to depress my spirits, though we were at times obliged to make even richer repasts than that of Cleopatra, and often had nothing at our court but pearls and diamonds to eat. As, however, it is the English policy to bring up princes in ignorance of money matters, so that the nation may have the greater hold over them, it is not surprising that poverty had no terrors for me. The merchants furnished all that I required, and the care of payment I left to Providence. My gaiety was interrupted only by violent fits of devotion. I remember one day composing some very bad verses, which may serve at least to show my feelings at the time :—

Seigneur, peut-il qu'un tien enfant
Batte toujours la castagnette,
Ou bien s'adjuste en coquette
Et passe son temps en dansant ?
Peut-il que son esprit ne pense

Qu'à bien gouverner sa voix,
Ou d'un niais faire le choix
Pour rire de son innocence ?
Si tout cecy te pouvait plaire,
Heureux serais-je de tout temps
Avoir icy le passe-temps
Et en l'autre monde le salaire.[1]

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[1] Lord, can one, as a child of thine,
For ever beat the castagnette;
Or, figuring as arch coquette,
To dancing, time resign ?
And should the mind's whole study be
The modulation of the voice,
Or, making of some fool the choice,
Mock his simplicity ?
If this could give thee pleasure, Lord,
How happy might I ever be
To have, below, frivolity,
And then, on high, reward.

CHAPTER II.

FROM HOLLAND TO HEIDELBERG—DUKE OF NEUBOURG—COLOGNE—LANDGRAVE ERNEST—BACHARACH—OPPENHEIM—ELECTRESS CHARLOTTE—MARRIED LIFE OF ELECTOR CHARLES LOUIS—PRINCESS ELIZABETH—AT THE COURT OF STUTTGART—DUKE OF AVEIRO—DUKE ERNEST AUGUSTUS—DIET AT RATISBON—PRINCE ADOLF OF SWEDEN.

It struck me at times, as I have before mentioned, that my happiness at the Hague would be of no long duration, and as my good friends had come to the same conclusion, it was agreed that I should go to the Palatinate on a visit to my brother the Elector Palatine, who had always favoured me with his affection, even to the extent of calling me his daughter, for he was thirteen years older than I. Hearing that he had married a princess of Hesse Cassel,[1] and

[1] February 1650.

knowing him to be a prince of great powers of mind, I felt sure that in so important a matter he would not have allowed inclination to overrule judgment, and that in the young and beautiful princess of his choice I was certain to find a delightful companion.

The Queen, who still clung to the idea of the English marriage, consented with great reluctance to my departure, but when it was pointed out to her that my journey would be no obstacle to her plan, she not only gave her free consent, but arranged that I should be accompanied by my two favourites, the Carrays, the eldest of whom was married to a Mr. Withypole, a very accomplished and agreeable gentleman. Lord Craven was superintendent, and took charge of us all.

As I had never during my whole life stirred from the Hague—except once, when I went to Rhenen, and now and then in a canal-boat to Leyden or Delft—I dreaded

the fatigue of a carriage, and therefore begged from the States-General the loan of a pinnace, in which I was able with great comfort to sail up the Rhine. I intended to stop nowhere, but when we touched at the town of Düsseldorf the Duke of Neubourg[1] did me the honour of coming in person to welcome me and invite me to dinner. His wife being at Ems, I at first hesitated about accepting the invitation, but thought at last that I might do so, as he was a prince nearly sixty years old. It was said that his temper was by no means equal, and that he had alternately a good day and a bad one; but throughout the day on which he received me no one could have been more agreeable. He showed me all over his palace, which struck me as being very antique. Hanging on the walls of his bedroom were more than one hundred little pictures painted on parchment, representing stories from the Old and New

[1] Wolfgang-Wilhelm, 1614–1653.

Testaments and from the lives of several saints, which he took the trouble to explain. He next showed me his church, where I was introduced to a Princess de Deux-Ponts, who had lowered herself by marrying a man called Bertiacalda. Having become a Roman Catholic she enjoyed the Duke's protection. He then took me to two convents, one of which was full of English girls, who looked so gay and pretty that I felt tempted to stay with them. M. de Neubourg read my thoughts, and being eager to make converts, for he was himself a pervert, declared that he would not give me his hand to lead me out, but forced me to walk alone to the carriage, in which, however, he drove back with me to the pinnace, where I spent the night, after thanking him for all his courtesy. His was the first court I had seen in Germany, and I there remarked the great civility shown to strangers, and very great respect for the prince. He himself was more particular

about dress than anyone else at his court, for he changed it twice during the day which I spent there. His courtiers did not look as if they took so much trouble. As regards his furniture, he had some fine and very old tapestry, but the beds and chairs, sharing the latter quality only, were not so pleasing to behold.

Continuing my journey I reached Cologne, where I saw nothing to admire but the ramparts, for the heads of 11,000 virgins and those of three kings had no more fascination for me than had the wine presented by the burgomaster, for I never drank any. Mr. Withypol and Carray, however, did it ample justice.

The next place I reached was Rheinfels, which belongs to the Landgrave Ernest.[1] The sight of his castle perched on the mountain top greatly excited my curiosity to see its interior. The Landgrave honoured

[1] Son of Maurice, of Hesse-Cassel, founder of line Hesse-Rheinfels, Rotenburg.

me with a visit in my pinnace, and gave the desired opportunity by inviting me to go thither with him. He said that his wife was not at home but would shortly arrive. She certainly lost no time, for she presently appeared at full gallop, accompanied by a young lady as dishevelled as herself. Notwithstanding the disorder of her dress she was handsome, but without the manners of a princess; nor, indeed, had she anything aristocratic about her. All that I saw of this court resembled a mere private house. The castle was comfortable enough, but difficult of access, particularly in the Landgrave's carriage, which jolted terribly and was of a strange outlandish build. The honeyed discourse of its master, however, smoothed all the difficulties of the way, and I was brought back to my pinnace by him and the Landgravine, where they took leave of me.

I next arrived at Bacharach, but did not land, for the French were still in garri-

son there. The governor politely asked me to give the counter-sign. I went on to Oppenheim, the first town at which I landed in the Palatinate. The governor received me with a carriage which must have been seen to be imagined. Two vicious horses of different colours were harnessed to it. As there was no seat inside, I placed myself as best I could on some cushions which I had brought with me. The horses, however, refused to stir, so I was obliged to walk through the mud, for there was no pavement such as we have in Holland. I was then taken into a house without any windows, where I stayed for a time in order to have some dinner, which was the best part of my visit, and tasted excellent after so unsavoury a reception.

I next arrived at Mannheim, where the Elector and Electress[1] had kindly come to receive me. The Elector, with his hearty

[1] Charlotte, daughter of William V. of Cassel, and of Amalie Elisabeth.

manner, seemed delighted to see me, but Madame assumed a doleful air, and hardly spoke during the whole day, thereby giving me the better opportunity of inspecting her at my leisure. She was very tall, with an admirable complexion and most beautiful bust. Her features were irregular, and her eyebrows, which were dyed black, struck me as forming too violent a contrast with her beautiful flaxen hair; besides, in raising them she gave a kind of twist to her high forehead which had a very odd appearance. To make up for these defects she had beautiful sparkling eyes, full pouting lips, and very fine teeth; altogether she would be called a handsome woman. I got into a carriage with the Elector and Electress to start for Heidelberg. I was so pleased to see in Germany a carriage which was assuredly much better built than any that I had yet encountered during my travels, that I praised its beauty. A grimace on the part of Madame showed me to

my surprise that my praise displeased her. I was not then aware that this, her wedding carriage, had excited her wrath, because she thought it inferior to the one with which her sister, the Princess of Tarentum,[1] had been presented, and that Madame had therein considered her mother to show greater affection for her sister than for herself.

We arrived at Heidelberg in the evening. The castle had suffered so severely during the Thirty Years' War, that the Elector lived in the town in a house called Commissariat House. The Elector and Electress did me the honour of accompanying me to the room prepared for me, and then in German fashion left me to my attendants. When at liberty I could not help exclaiming, with true Dutch *naïveté*: 'My sister-in-law is very stupid!'

This impression was confirmed the next

[1] Emilie, married, 1648, to Henri Charles de la Trémouille, Prince of Tarentum.

day—which was Sunday—when, on going to her rooms to accompany her to church, I found her with all her fine clothes spread out upon a table, enumerating whence they came and how long she had had them. I took all this as a joke, it being the fashion then to have few dresses at a time, and to renew them frequently. When the catalogue of her clothes was completed we went to church. On our return my sister-in-law confided to me that she had married the Elector against her will; that she had been sought in marriage by several other princes; but that her mother had chosen to make her marry a jealous old man; that a duke of Würtemberg, named Frederick,[1] had sighed for her, as had two dukes of Brunswick, George William and Ernest Augustus,[2] a prince, Philip Palsgrave of Sulzbach,[3] and several counts. This conversation quite took me aback, and I

[1] Probably Frederick, brother to Eberhard III.
[2] Sons of Duke George. [3] 1630–1703.

wished myself a thousand times again at the Hague, where any complaint on the part of a woman against her husband was looked upon as a crime, and where such foolish creatures were held up to ridicule.

The Elector on his part had matrimonial grievances to confide with regard to his wife's temper. He said that she possessed sterling worth, and many good qualities, but had been badly brought up; and he entreated me to cure her of all her affectation, and point out how unsuitable it was to a person of her rank.

In spite of the faults he found, I could see that he idolised her, and I often felt ashamed to see him kiss her in public. There was continual embracing going on, and I have often seen him kneeling to her, or her to him. At that time one would have said that their love was likely to be of lifelong duration, but jealousy, the troublesome child of love, soon disturbed their peace.

The Elector, believing that Madame could not look at anyone without lessening her affection for himself, often made accusations which she received with great indignation, and which were, indeed, very ill founded.

It was from a certain weakness of mind, and not from any evil design, that she loved to attract attention. There was more folly than evil in her; but the Elector, having great delicacy of feeling, wished her to be all in all to himself and nothing to others. The slightest word from him on this subject put her into a frightful rage, which usually lasted the whole day. The Elector then employed a thousand little loving wiles to mollify her, but this treatment made her all the more rebellious, for she resembled her Uncle Frederick,[1] who was only submissive when ill-treated.

I leave it to be imagined whether I was very happy at that time. The Electress

[1] Probably Frederick von Eschwege, died 1655.

liked hunting and cards, while I was accustomed to neither. I could not shoot, and had only played cards of an evening to amuse the Queen, who liked to watch our game.

I was much comforted by the arrival of the Princess of Tarentum, who understood how to make life pleasant. I greatly enjoyed her society, though I had it only for a fortnight. I wrote for my sister Elizabeth, whom the Elector had always greatly esteemed, and at my request she consented to undertake the journey. Before doing so, however, she had made up the marriage of our sister Princess Henriette and Prince Rakoczy,[1] at which the Elector was displeased, thinking it a mistake to send our sister so far for so poor an alliance.

Princess Elizabeth arrived at Heidelberg, while our brother, Prince Edward,[2]

[1] Sigismund Rakoczy, Prince of Siebenbürgen, June 26, 1651.

[2] Born 1625; married, 1645, Anne de Gonzague (Gonzaga); died 1663.

was there. He had awaited her arrival with great impatience, as it was long since they had met. Her stay at the court of our aunt, the Electress of Brandenburg,[1] had done her no good. We thought her much changed, both in mind and person. Looking at her, Prince Edward whispered to me: 'Where has her liveliness gone? What has she done with her merry talk?' The Electress also thought her disagreeable; and the Elector, who still bore her a grudge for the marriage of our sister Henriette, was infected by his wife's dislike. The Electress made much of me from dislike to my sister, and Elizabeth at once asserted such authority over me that I began to prefer Madame, who could be charming when she pleased; for at times she had some very gracious moments, by which I benefited. Still, I was greatly to blame for not submitting to a sister who had evidently much more sense

[1] Luise Henriette, wife of the Elector Frederick William.

than myself. My friends, on the other hand, were well pleased to foster my ill-humour in order to draw me closer to themselves.

Just then the Duke of Würtemberg[1] invited the Elector and all of us to visit him at Stuttgart. Accordingly we went, and were received outside the gates with great pomp by the Duke and all his Court. My uncle, the Duke of Simmern,[2] was there with his sons; also the Margrave of Bach-Durlach,[3] and a young prince of Holstein. The number of princesses too was very great, consisting of the Duchess of Würtemberg[4] with her daughters and two sisters-in-law, the Princesses Antonia and Anna Johanna[5] and two cousins, the Princesses Faustine and Floriane.[6] The

[1] Eberhard III. 1628-1674.

[2] Louis Philip, brother of the 'Winter King' Palsgrave of Simmern, 1649-1655.

[3] Frederick V. 1622-1659.

[4] Anna Dorothea von Salm.

[5] 1613-1679; 1619-1679.

[6] Daughters of Duke Julius Frederick of Würtemberg, who was from 1631 to 1633 guardian to Duke

number of counts, countesses, and other nobility also present was beyond computation.

The procession on our arrival was so enormous that the Duke took a fancy to make it pass several times through the streets; and we were tired, not only by this, but also by a very large and lengthy supper-party, which lasted till midnight. That, however, did not prevent our hosts from waking us early next morning to go hunting; but just as we were nearly ready they remembered that the hunt might, perhaps, not be advisable after the fatigues of our journey, and it was accordingly given up. As compensation for this disappointment we remained nearly the whole day long at table, the men vying with each other who should drink most, while the old princesses opened crawfish for us. The re-

Eberhard III.; Faustine Mariane, 1624–1679; Floriane Erneste, married, 1657, Count Frederick Kraft von Hohenlohe-Pfedelsbach.

mainder of our time at Stuttgart was spent in balls, concerts, wirthschaft,[1] hunting, and walking.

It was all very magnificent, but seasoned with little politeness, and therefore not at all to my taste. The gentlemen kept apart from the ladies, who were always very solemn. The Prince of Holstein, to show his gallantry, drank my health in a huge bumper, thereby exciting the jealousy of the two old princesses, Antonia and Anna Johanna, who envied me this fine conquest which I did not value. This Duke of Holstein had a gentleman with him who bowed every time he caught my eye. I made the Electress laugh at this in order to console her for her mother's death,[2] the news of which having just arrived brought our visit to a close, by no means to my regret.

On our return to Heidelberg I found

[1] Wirthschaft, a favourite amusement of Courts at that time; something like our mummeries.

[2] Landgravine Amalie Elisabeth.

letters written from Portugal by Donna Dorothea de Guzman, with whom I had made friends in Holland. She had already written several times to persuade me to marry the Duke of Aveiro. Although my beauty was considerably impaired by small-pox, taken that same year, still ambition forbade me, after thinking of a king, to descend to a subject, though the lady painted Portugal in the brightest colours.

Just then Duke Ernest Augustus of Brunswick and Lünebourg passed through Heidelberg on his return from Venice. I had seen him as quite a youth in Holland. Since then his appearance had greatly improved, and he was universally admired, but as the youngest of three brothers he was not thought a desirable *parti*. We played the guitar together, which served to show off his exquisite hands; in dancing he also excelled. He offered to send me some of Corbetti's [1] guitar music, and began a corre-

[1] Francesco Corbetti, born at Pavia 1630, died 1690.

spondence on this subject which I was the first to break off, fearing that the world might call my friendship for him by a tenderer name.

Some time after the Duke's departure my brother set out for Prague, where he was to meet the Emperor.[1] His Majesty received him at the Weissen Berg, where our father had been defeated by the late Emperor. This caused the courtiers to say that my brother gained there more than my father had lost.

The Elector, to console the Electress for being left behind, promised that she should certainly accompany him to the Diet of Ratisbon, though I strongly advised him against such a step. I saw that his jealousy on the one side, and Madame's affectation and conceit on the other, could not fail to produce a bad effect in so crowded an assemblage. However, the Elector's desire always to have his beloved wife by his side

[1] Ferdinand III. 1637–1657.

caused us to undertake this journey in the middle of winter, attended by a large retinue. We made our solemn entry into Ratisbon, escorted by numerous foot and horse guards, to the sound of trumpets and kettledrums. That evening the Emperor and Empress sent to welcome us, and after a few days' rest the Elector had an audience of the Emperor, and the Electress of the Empress,[1] who did her the honour to cross several antechambers to receive her at the head of the staircase, giving us her hand in the German fashion. We followed her to the state-room, where she seated herself in an armchair under a canopy. Opposite to her was placed an armchair for the Electress, and high-backed chairs for my sister and myself. Count Fugger, who was very deaf, acted as interpreter, and his infirmity rendered our conversation rather disconnected, though the Empress was extremely bright and clever. The next day

[1] Eleonore of Mantua, third wife of Ferdinand II.

her Majesty honoured the Electress by returning this first visit, and was received at the carriage door and reconducted to it by the Electress. On later occasions, when we went to pay our respects, court etiquette was relaxed, and her Majesty made us play cards with her. The Emperor also entertained us with an opera, a carnival, and a *Wirthschaft*, when their Majesties acted as host and hostess. Everyone was splendidly dressed, but the dancing was like that of German peasants.

The Electress, whose one thought during the whole expedition was how best to display her beauty before this great assembly, had sent to France for a Mme. La Prince to dress her hair, and nothing was omitted to show her off to the best advantage. As ill luck would have it, her beauty was impaired by an untimely indisposition. This put her into such a bad temper that her husband often took refuge in my rooms to escape from it, while I was having singing lessons

from a musician of the Emperor's band named Domenico del Pane, whose singing my brother liked to hear.

In the evenings the Elector always supped privately with the Electress, my sister, and myself, when we were served by the maids of honour. Mlle. Carray happened by chance to pour out the Elector's wine oftener than the others did, and this accident made the Electress suspect that he admired her, and for this reason came so often to see me. She confided this suspicion to my sister, who, out of jealousy of the favour that I enjoyed, persuaded the Electress that our brother came to see me not because of the girl, but to listen to the unkind things I said of herself. The Electress was taken in the snare, and though naturally preferring me to my sister, forced herself to enter into a close alliance with her. Thenceforward Elizabeth patiently listened to the long string of complaints which the Electress was always making of

the Elector's jealousy — having, indeed, nothing else to complain of—until she herself became jealous in her turn. It will hardly be credited that I was the object of her jealousy, or that a brother whom I respected as my father, and who, in point of age, might have been a father to me, could be suspected of being my admirer. She tried to forbid the Elector's visits to my rooms, but this only made him more determined to come nearly every evening attended by his whole court, at which the anger of the Electress knew no bounds.

All this would not have distressed me had I been where the world could see and judge of my conduct and disposition; but as, after our return to Heidelberg, I was shut up in the castle and seen only by servants, I feared that this report might injure me in the eyes of the world, and heartily wished by some marriage to escape the difficulties of the situation.

Prince Adolf,[1] brother to the Queen of Sweden, just then arrived at our court. His manner was good and his figure rather fine, but he had a disagreeable face with a long pointed chin like a shoehorn. After a short sojourn at Heidelberg he asked my hand in marriage; the Electress, wishing to be rid of me, had no small part in bringing this about. She contrived to conceal from the Elector and from me that this prince was so extremely bad-tempered—he had actually beaten his first wife,[2] a fact the Electress knew full well. The Elector was devoted to the King of Sweden, and therefore unwilling to refuse anything to his brother. He consented on condition that the King approved the match and ratified all the advantageous terms which the Prince had willingly promised me. The Prince sent Colonel Moor to Sweden to ask this favour

[1] Adolphus John I., brother of King Charles Gustavus (reigned 1654–1660).

[2] Else Beate von Brahe, died 1653.

of his Majesty ; he himself went on to Italy, pending Colonel Moor's return from Sweden. Meanwhile the report spread everywhere of my engagement to Prince Adolf, though the Elector had given only a conditional consent.

CHAPTER III.

DUKE GEORGE WILLIAM OF HANOVER—BETROTHAL TO DUKE GEORGE WILLIAM—PRINCE ADOLF OF SWEDEN—BREAKING OF ENGAGEMENT—DUKE GEORGE WILLIAM AND HIS BROTHERS—ELECTOR CHARLES LOUIS AT FRANKENTHAL—THE DUKE'S PROPOSAL—BETROTHED TO ERNEST AUGUSTUS.

Duke George William of Brunswick heard the report of my engagement at the very time when, urged by his subjects to marry, he had promised to take the subject of matrimony into consideration, if they on their part would increase his revenues. While in treaty with his subjects on this question, he could think of no princess more suitable than myself were he, indeed, forced to take a step to which he had always felt the greatest repugnance. He sent Herr von Hammerstein,[1] who was well

[1] George Christopher, son of the High Bailiff Adam von Hammerstein, studied at Königsberg and Groningen;

known at our court, to ascertain the truth of my reported engagement, and to inform us at the same time of the state of things at Hanover.

Hammerstein heard from the Elector how things stood, viz. that Prince Adolf had made many promises which apparently stood but little chance of being fulfilled; that it was already ascertained from Colonel Moor that the King was unable to ratify the article touching the exercise of my religion; while, as to my maintenance, the Prince had promised more than he had the means of providing. The Elector accordingly told Hammerstein that it rested with him to break off or to conclude the marriage.

Armed with this answer, Herr von Hammerstein returned to Hanover. Soon after-

accompanied Duke Ernest Augustus on his travels as Groom of the Bedchamber; 1653, became his Counsellor; 1654, Marshal to the Court of Dowager-Duchess Anna Eleonore at Hertzberg; 1671, Privy Councillor and High Bailiff at Zell.

wards the Duke himself, with his brother, Duke Ernest Augustus, appeared at Heidelberg, *en route* for Italy. He at once attached himself to me, questioning me as to my reported engagement, and paying me numberless compliments, to which I was not backward in responding. At last he spoke the great word, asking if he had my permission to demand my hand of the Elector. My answer was not that of a heroine of romance, for I unhesitatingly said 'Yes.' I infinitely preferred the Duke to Prince Adolf, to whom I had taken so great an aversion that only a strong effort of will could have overcome it. I knew also that the Elector loved me well enough to approve my choice, especially as right was on my side, for this match was much superior to the other. The Elector did not wait to be asked twice, but at once gave his consent; a marriage contract was drawn up and signed by the Elector, the Duke, and myself. The Duke then continued his

journey to Venice, pending the necessary negotiations. He enjoined the strictest secrecy on us, saying that, were his subjects to hear that he was already engaged, all hope of obtaining from them any increase of revenue would disappear. The Elector on his side also desired secrecy, that he might with the better grace break off the engagement with Prince Adolf; so the matter was unknown to all save Duke Ernest Augustus, who would infinitely have preferred to keep his brother, whose full confidence he enjoyed, entirely to himself, rather than see him take a wife to share his heart, and, perhaps, cool his friendship. We saw the two brothers depart after receiving from them the assurance of their speedy return; meanwhile we were to exchange letters.

I heard from the Duke of Hanover that poor Prince Adolf had shown him my picture as that of his future bride. The Prince also soon afterwards went to stay with his

sister, the Margravine of Baden,[1] at Durlach, and sent M. de Lassalle to tell the Elector that he was ready to come to Heidelberg whenever he was pleased to receive him.

The Elector did all in his power to prevent the Prince's arrival, giving Lassalle to understand that the state of affairs was changed, and that although the King, doubtless thinking matters too far advanced to be stopped, had written in the most gracious terms of his brother's marriage, still he knew on good authority that his Majesty had kindly expressed a fear that I might not be happy with his brother, and that his many promises would find but scanty fulfilment. The Elector broke all this with the greatest gentleness to Lassalle, assuring him that even were his sister not so fortunate as to become Prince Adolf's wife, he (the Elector) would all the same remain his obedient servant, ready and willing on all

[1] Christine Magdalene, wife of Frederick VI. of Baden-Durlach.

occasions to serve him to the utmost of his ability. The quick-witted Lassalle guessed the state of affairs at once, and on passing the Duke of Hanover's picture was heard to say, with a low bow: 'I am the very humble and most obedient servant of your Highness the Duke of Hanover' ('Je suis votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur, M. le Duc de Hanovre'). I think, however, that he had too much regard for us to say all he thought to his master. The Elector dismissed him laden with fine presents. How he explained matters to his master I know not, but all his persuasions failed to prevent the Prince's appearance at Heidelberg with the Margravine, his sister. He tried to insist on the marriage; the idea that he was to possess me was so fixed in his mind as to become his prevailing passion, and he left no stone unturned to gain his object. Sometimes he wept, at others flew into a rage with Colonel Moor, abusing and cursing him for having served him so badly.

Finding, however, that all was of no avail, as the Elector firmly insisted on the ratification of the settlement by the King, he determined to go himself and persuade his brother to take up his cause. He found the King, however, engrossed in the Polish war, with neither time nor wish to interfere, not to mention that his Majesty, being very sharp-sighted, soon perceived that the Elector did not really desire the match.

Meanwhile the Duke of Hanover, plunged in the dissipations of Venice, ceased to think of me, nor had his subjects come to any conclusion as to the increase of his revenue. He began to repent the promise, which bound him by word and deed to me, his letters grew colder, and he himself failed to appear at the appointed time. The Elector was very uneasy, but pride kept me up.

To revenge myself I lent a willing ear to a proposal of marriage from the Duke

of Parma,[1] which was brought by a monk named Father Manari. This father, a born subject of the Duke's, had shown my portrait to his master, and brought his master's portrait to the Elector. The good man, hoping to make his fortune by this marriage, led the Duchess-Dowager to believe that I would become a Roman Catholic, and the hope of gaining a soul made her eager for the match.

The Duke of Hanover, meanwhile perplexed how to find an honourable escape from his engagement, hit on the expedient of proposing to his brother, Duke Ernest Augustus, that he, as his other self, should marry me and receive the family estates, he proposing to retain for himself only a liberal income sufficient for his private expenses. He also assured his younger brother that he would give him a paper, written and signed by his own hand, to the effect that he would never marry, but live and die a

[1] Ranuccio II. reigned 1646–1649.

bachelor. Duke Ernest Augustus listened with pleasure to this proposition, but as he was of opinion that he could not receive the Duchy without the consent of John Frederick, the next heir, they resolved to speak to him together, and confide to him all that had taken place at Heidelberg.

The Duke of Hanover assured John Frederick that he should suffer no injury from this plan for their younger brother's benefit, since, were he to die, John Frederick would succeed to the Duchy, which he could in no case possess during his (George William's) lifetime. Duke John Frederick by no means relished this proposal, and replied to the Duke of Hanover: 'Why should you give the Princess to my brother and not to me? It would be absurd on my part to grant such an advantage to the youngest!' The Duke of Hanover was so enraged by this answer that he drove John Frederick in the rudest manner out of the palace, where he was

staying. There was a natural antipathy between these two brothers, though the good qualities of John Frederick deserved better treatment. The Duke of Hanover used to insult him grossly, for which, as the sequel will show, he chose his own time to revenge himself and enforce respect.

Duke George William determined, however, to send Ernest Augustus to arrange matters at Hanover, but on the way he fell alarmingly ill at Vienna. A courier was at once sent to inform the Duke of Hanover. On opening the letter the German word for 'death' met his eye, and yielding to despair he tore it up without reading further. Haxthausen, his equerry, putting the pieces together, proved to him that his brother was still alive. The Duke took post-horses and travelled day and night to Vienna, where he had the joy of embracing his brother, who was already out of danger.

A few days later the two brothers started for Hanover. On their arrival, Duke

George William announced to his Council that, being resolved never to marry, he had persuaded his brother Ernest Augustus to bear for him the burden which he could not bring himself to endure. He, therefore, demanded that his brother's income should be so considerably increased as to enable him to maintain a wife. Though this speech was by no means to the taste of the audience, still they were forced to content themselves with it, and obey their master by raising the funds required. The Dukes confided the business also to Hammerstein, entreating him to aid in extricating the Duke of Hanover from his dilemma by obtaining the Elector's consent to their joint plan. Hammerstein accordingly set off and found the Elector at Frankenthal.

Worn out at last by his wife's bad temper, which he had striven vainly for seven years to subdue, the Elector had made up his mind to have a divorce, and to take

the Baroness Luise[1] von Degenfeld in her stead.[2]

[1] Luise, daughter of the Suabian Baron Christoph Martin von Degenfeld; born 1634, died 1677.

[2] In a declaration on their separation the Elector stated that during the whole of their wedded life, especially latterly, his wife's conduct to him had been uniformly contradictory, disobedient, obstinate, sulky, and rebellious, 'ganz widerwärtig, ungehorsam, halsstarrig, verdriesslich und widerspänstig,' and that, notwithstanding all his patience and long-suffering, she continued in this insufferable and extraordinary frame of mind ('bei ihrem seltsamen, unerträglichen Humor verblieben').

Her mother, the noble-minded Landgravine of Hesse-Cassel, is said to have warned the Elector of her daughter's rebellious disposition, but he replied that he would be all the more loving to her, in hope of winning her regard. In this task he failed, for Charlotte's heart was already given to Duke Frederick of Würtemberg, and she had married the Elector against her will.

How and when the Elector's inclination for this Baroness Degenfeld originated is not known. In the year 1657 he declared it; for when she insisted on obtaining her discharge from the post of maid of honour, which, on account of the Electress's bad temper, she had repeatedly but vainly demanded, the Elector interposed by taking her publicly and formally under his protection. Luise let him see how deeply her pride was offended by this step, and he made matters worse by writing to excuse himself in terms that could not fail to make an impression. Still Luise held back, but her reluctance only strengthening the Elector's purpose, he announced to his confidants his fixed intention of divorcing his wife and offering

To avoid disturbance at home, the Elector had, as I mentioned, taken refuge at Frankenthal. Here Hammerstein found him and made known his proposition, of which the substance was that, if the Elector would bestow me on Duke Ernest Augustus, the Duke of Hanover promised to renounce marriage for himself, to augment considerably his brother's income, and to settle on me the same dower that I should have received as his own wife. Furthermore, Duke Ernest Augustus had, by the Treaty of Münster, been appointed Bishop Coadjutor of Osnabrück, where I could in future live at my ease. Meanwhile I should be mistress at Hanover, for my children, should God grant me any, were to inherit all the Bruns-

his hand and heart to the Baroness von Degenfeld. He took the opinion of divines and lawyers, and on March 5 made out a written promise of marriage. The lady, however, refused to consent until the objections of her family had been overcome and the sanction and blessing of the Church obtained. The marriage took place Jan. 6, 1658, and the Raugraf Charles Louis was born in the following October.

wick-Lüneburg possessions, seeing that Christian Louis of Zell [1] had been for long married and had no family, while John Frederick was too stout ever to have any. I, therefore, should become mother to the family and country as effectually as though I had been made the wife of Duke George William.

The Elector listened with considerable surprise to this discourse, and pointed out among other objections that he saw no security in the Duke of Hanover's promise of celibacy since he was so inconstant in his resolutions, and were he again to change his mind there was no law in our religion to force him to keep his word. Hammerstein assured the Elector that he need entertain no apprehensions on that score. The Elector accordingly said that he would write to me and give his own answer on receiving mine. He therefore did me the honour to write, informing me of all that

[1] The eldest brother.

Hammerstein had said, adding that for his part he preferred Duke Ernest Augustus, and considered him both more amiable and more sensible than his brother of Hanover.

I replied that a good establishment was all I cared for, and that, if this was secured to me by the younger brother, the exchange would be to me a matter of indifference; that I would gladly do whatever he thought best, for, looking on him as my father, I trusted myself entirely to his care.

On receiving my answer, the Elector entered into terms with Hammerstein, who had full powers to conclude the marriage. The articles were all drawn up,[1] and the Elector permitted me to accept a present from Duke Ernest Augustus, together with a letter such as is usually written on such occasions. I replied in the same terms, and nothing now remained but the marriage itself, which the Duke, who had a strong dislike to ceremonies of all kinds, wished

[1] June 5, 1658.

to celebrate at Hanover. This, however, the Elector would not hear of, declaring that a King of Sweden had once come to Heidelberg to marry his great aunt,[1] and that if the Duke wished no ceremony, he might come privately to Heidelberg, and that after the marriage I should be sent to Hanover with a retinue befitting my rank.

The Duke agreed to one, but not to the other of these proposals, saying that after I became his wife the charge of my journey would fall on him, and that he could accept the offer with which the Elector honoured me only as far as the frontiers of the Palatinate.

These arrangements completed, and the time for our marriage fixed, the Elector went to attend the Diet at Frankfort. During the transaction of these affairs, poor Father Manari was anxiously awaiting the arrival of the messenger expected to come

[1] Charles IX. of Sweden married Anna Maria, daughter of the Elector Louis VI., 1579.

and treat of his sovereign's marriage, but as time went on and no messenger appeared, he began to fear that the Duke had changed his mind, the more so as he saw an announcement in a paper, which often told untruths, that the Duke of Parma was about to marry a Princess of Savoy.

The good Father's mind was so distracted by this piece of news, that, going to bathe while in this dejected state, he was drowned in the Neckar, whether by accident or design I cannot say, for the Italians, though violent in their affections, are yet fondly attached to life. Some days after this calamity had occurred the Duke of Parma sent Count Landi to the Elector, whom he found at Frankfort, only to learn that he had come too late. Wishing, nevertheless, to see me, he came to Heidelberg, where he paid me a visit, when many civilities were interchanged. As poor Father Manari had been drowned, the Count could accuse no one of giving false

information. Meanwhile they were busy at Hanover with carrying into effect the promises made by the Duke of Hanover to his brother, and a renunciation of marriage written in his own hand, was handed by the Duke of Hanover to Duke Ernest Augustus.

Writing merely for pleasure, I do not trouble to transcribe this deed. Suffice it to say that the Duke handed it over with much pleasure to his brother, and would, I believe, with equal pleasure, have fulfilled the rest of his promises had he followed the dictates of his own heart. No sooner, however, did his counsellors interfere than they set themselves to cool his ardour, and persuaded him to reduce the yearly income promised to his brother by 20,000 crowns, which was no trifling loss. Thus did this good prince on all occasions display his weakness and inconstancy. Duke Ernest Augustus, being already engaged to me, was unable to make any resistance.

Copy of Renunciation of Marriage on the part of Duke George William of Hanover.

Nach deme ich eine hohe notwendigkeit zu sein ermessen wann zu foderst dahin gedacht werde wie unser haus in dieser linie mit erben undt auf die nachkommen propagiret werden möge ; So habe demnach ich mich vor meine person zu keinem heurat jemahls auch bis dato nicht verstehen können noch wollen, sondern vielmehr meinen brudern Ernst Augustus dahin vermocht das er sich entlich erkleret, dafern ich in favor seiner undt seiner mänlichen leibes erben, einen schriftlichen schein mich nimmer zu verheuraten, unter meiner eigenen handt undt sigel heraus stellen würde, er sich als dan resoluiren wollte fürterlichst undt ungeseumt zu der heiligen ehe zu schreiten undt also verhoffentlich landt undt leute hienegst mit erben zu erfreuen. Wie dann zwischen ihn undt mir solches mit mehrem verabredet worden. Weil dann nunmehr mein bruder Ernst Augustus sich aus oben angeregten ursachen mit S L^{d} der Princessin Sophien in ein ehe gelöbnis eingelassen, solches auch durch die Copulation in kurtzem zu vollen ziehen entschlossen ist . so habe ich meiner abgegebenen parole zu folge wie woll aus eigener bewegnus undt ganz freiem willen, vorerwehnten meinem brudern krafft dieses nochmals festiglich zu sagen undt versprechen wollen, ver-

spreche auch bei meinen ehren undt waren worten, das so lang gedachte Princessin undt mein bruder im leben undt ehestandt begriffen sein werden, oder auch nach ihrem absterben mänliche Erben hinter sich verlassen würden, ich mich keines weges in einigen heurat mit jemandt einlassen viel weniger dergleichen vollen ziehen will, noch soll, begehre auch nicht anderst als die noch ubrige zeit meines lebens in Coelibatu gentzlich hinzubringen, damit also mehr erwehneter Princessin undt meines brudern mänliche erben als in deren favor diese meine renuntiation eigentlich geschicht zu einer oder beider dieser fürstenthümer regierung gelangen undt kommen mögen; Dessen allen zu wahrer undt mehrer versicherung habe ich diese renuntiation mit eigner handt selbst schreiben undt unterschreiben wollen, auch mit einem pitshaft untersigelt undt nachmahlen wolbedächtiglich meinem brudern zu eigenen handen undt seiner vorwahrung heraus gestelltet. So geschehen hanover den 11/21 April Anno 1658.

S GEORGE WILHELM hertzog zu
Braunschweig und Lüneburg m. p.

Free Translation of Duke George William's Renunciation of Marriage.

Having perceived the urgent necessity of taking into consideration how our house of this line may

best be provided with heirs and be perpetuated in the future; yet having been and remaining up to the present date both unable and unwilling in my own person to engage in any marriage contract, I have rather induced my brother, Ernest Augustus, to declare that, on condition of receiving from me a renunciation of marriage for myself, written and signed with my own hand in favour of himself and his heirs male, he is prepared forthwith and without delay to enter into holy matrimony, and as may be hoped, soon to bestow the blessing of heirs on people and country, as has been agreed and settled between him and myself; and whereas my brother, Ernest Augustus, for reasons before mentioned, has entered into a marriage contract with her Highness Princess Sophia, which contract he purposes shortly to fulfil, so I, on my side, not only on account of my word given and pledged, but also of my own free will and consent, desire to ratify and confirm the aforesaid conditions to my before-mentioned brother, and promise, so long as the said Princess and my brother continue in life and in the bonds of matrimony, or after their decease leave heirs male, that I neither will nor shall on any account enter into, much less carry out, any marriage contract with any person, and wish nothing else than to spend what remains to me of life entirely "in cœlibatu," to the intent that the heirs male of the before-mentioned Princess and of my brother, in whose favour this renunciation is

made, may attain and succeed to the sovereignty over one or both of these our principalities. For the safer and truer assurance of all which (conditions) I have, with my own hand, written and signed this renunciation and sealed it with my seal, and thereafter handed it over with all due care to my brother's own charge and keeping.

So done at Hanover,

(S.) George William,
Duke of Brunswick and Lüneburg.

April 11–21, 1658.

CHAPTER IV.

MARRIAGE—FROM HEIDELBERG TO HANOVER—EARLY MARRIED LIFE—JEALOUSY—WITH HER MOTHER AT THE HAGUE—FIRST CHILD—PYRMONT—AT HEIDELBERG—RETURN TO HANOVER—BIRTH OF SECOND SON—DEATH OF BISHOP OF OSNABRÜCK—IBOURG—WEDDING OF MLLE. LANDAS.

The time appointed for our marriage having now arrived,[1] the Duke, as had been agreed, came to Heidelberg by post with a very small retinue. I, being resolved to love him, was delighted to find how amiable he was. On the marriage-day I was dressed, according to German fashion, in white silver brocade, and my flowing hair was adorned with a large crown of the family diamonds. My train, which was of enormous length, was borne by four maids

[1] According to Leibnitz the marriage took place September 1658.

of honour. At great weddings this office is performed by the daughters of counts of the Empire.

I was escorted by the Elector and my brother, Prince Edward; Duke Ernest Augustus by the little Electoral Prince[1] and the Duc de Deux-Ponts[2] (Zweibrücken). Twenty-four gentlemen marched before us, bearing lighted torches, adorned with ribbons of our armorial colours, blue and white for me, red and yellow for the Duke. Cannon were fired at the moment when the clergyman united us. We were then placed opposite to each other, each under a canopy, the Elector also having one apart for himself, while the 'Te Deum' was sung. After the ceremony we returned to our apartments, where I renounced all claim to the Palatinate, as did the Duchess of Orleans[3] afterwards on a similar occasion. Supper was then served

[1] Charles, 1651–1685. [2] Frederick, 1635–1661.
[3] Elizabeth Charlotte, 1671, married Philip of Orleans.

at an oval table; the Duke and I sat at the centre, with the Elector on our right hand and the Prince, his son, on our left; then came Princess Elizabeth Charlotte and the Duchesse de Deux-Ponts.[1] After supper we danced in German fashion, the princes dancing before and behind us with lighted torches in their hands, as is the custom.

Some days after our marriage the Duke returned to Hanover by post, just as he had come, except, indeed, that the feelings of his heart towards me had undergone a total and unexpected change; while my affection for him far exceeded the esteem which his good qualities had always commanded; and I now felt for him all that true love can inspire.

The Duke lost no time in sending a large train of carriages, under the charge of Hammerstein, to bring me to Hanover. When the time came for departure, the

[1] Anna Julienne.

Elector honoured me with his company as far as Weinheim.

On parting from him I shed some tears, which would have flowed more freely had my heart not been elsewhere, not to mention that I cherished the hope of seeing him again from time to time, and of being honoured with his letters.

On leaving my own country I entered that of the Elector of Mainz,[1] by whose orders Baron von Hoheneck entertained me. Thence we passed on to Darmstadt, whose Landgrave[2] was uncle to my husband. He honoured me with a State reception outside the town, accompanied by Madame his wife[3] and his numerous family.

At this court etiquette was so strictly observed that the young princesses were not permitted to enter a carriage with those

[1] Johann Philip von Schönborn, 1647–1673.

[2] George II. 1626-1661. His sister, Anna Eleonore, was mother to the Dukes of Brunswick.

[3] Sophie Eleonore of Saxony.

who were married, and I was placed alone with the Landgravine and her daughter-in-law. Countesses of the empire were in their turn forbidden to drive with the princesses, but had their own separate carriages, as had the other noble ladies.

The same order was observed at the exhibition of some very fine fireworks, at the preparation of which the young Landgrave[1] was said to have worked with his own hands, as one could well believe from their appearance. Each rank had its own appointed chamber from which to view them, and my ladies were not best pleased to find themselves so far from me. Still greater was their surprise on seeing, according to the etiquette of this court, the Landgravine's maids of honour drawn up beside the guard at the door of my room. This fashion my ladies were not tempted to copy.

The day after my arrival I visited the

[1] Afterwards Louis VI.

Landgravine in her room (in which there was a sideboard all set out with glass and china), as she is the daughter of Elector Hans-George of Saxony. In the evening she danced a ballet with her children, at which I was told not to be surprised, as her mother had done the same in her generation.

On the third day I left this court with the same ceremonies that had attended my arrival, feeling highly gratified with the honours which I had received.

I then passed on to Frankfort, where nothing remarkable occurred, the burgomaster merely doing his customary duty. I then proceeded by Fridberg, Butschbach, and Giessen, the Landgrave most liberally paying my way through his country. Leaving his territory, I entered that of the Landgrave of Cassel,[1] who had me received at the frontier and escorted to Cassel. He himself with Madame his wife (Amalie

[1] William VI. 1637–1663.

Elisabeth) and all his court received me near the capital, but nothing particular was done for my amusement.

On leaving this court I entered the states of Hanover, spending the night at Münden, where the white bread was so hard and bad that I regretted not having brought a baker. To my great relief, however, I found, some days later, at a town where the Bailiff Enhausen[1] entertained me sumptuously, that I should not need one, as the bread was excellent.

Near the town of Hanover the four brothers did me the honour to come and meet me, followed by a huge *cortège*.[2] I alighted to greet them, and they all got into my carriage with me.

I entered Hanover to the sound of cannon, and was received at the carriage-door by the Duchess-Dowager,[3] my mother-in-law, the Duchess of Zell,[4] and a Duchess of

[1] Oeynhausen. [2] November 19, 1658.
[3] Anna Eleonore. [4] Dorothea of Holstein-Glücksburg.

Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel.[1] The Duke my husband, taking my hand, led me to a very fine room, which the Duke of Hanover had had built expressly for me, and all the dukes and duchesses did me the honour also to escort me thither. Next day we celebrated the wedding festivity under a daïs [2] of gilded copper, an invention which I greatly admired, never having seen anything of the kind before. In the evening we danced, and on the following day I was made to do the honours, accompanying the princesses to the city gates on their departure.

I take pleasure in remembering how rejoiced we were to be left to ourselves when all the guests were gone, and how great was the Duke's devotion to me. Marrying from interest only he had expected beforehand to feel nothing but indifference for me; but now his feelings

[1] Elisabeth Juliane, wife of Duke Anton Ulrich.

[2] Or canopy.

were such that I had the fond conviction that he would love me for ever, while I in return so idolised him that without him I felt as if I were lost. We were never apart, and my good old friends saw nothing of me except in the mornings and evenings, with which they were by no means content. This vexation preyed on the mind of Mrs. Withypol, now the widow of an excellent husband, whose loss she deeply deplored. Her sister, Mistress Carray, now no longer young, thought that she ought to take a husband also, so as to escape the name of 'old maid,' and without regret, therefore, I allowed the one to return to the Hague and the other to marry Baron de Bonstett, for my heart was given up to the Duke, and I cared only for what he liked.

Perceiving the close friendship between my husband and the Duke of Hanover, to please him I paid much greater attention to this duke than to the two others. He took part in all our amusements, cards,

hunting, and walking, and in return spared no pains to make himself agreeable to me. The Duke my husband, who knew him better than I did, began to be jealous ; but of this I was wholly unaware. One day, the Duke of Hanover being ill, and my husband himself having brought me to see him, I sat by the bed talking to the invalid, while my husband turned over the leaves of a book at the table. I set the Duke of Hanover on his favourite topic of Italy, saying, among other things, that I was sure he regretted not being there. He replied out of politeness that now that I was at Hanover he could not wish to be elsewhere. Laughing I repeated the song—

> Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime,
> Il faut aimer ce que l'on a.

My husband, who heard these words without having followed the preceding conversation, applied them to himself in this way : that having failed to obtain the Duke of Hanover, I contented myself with him.

This idea put him into a terrible state of vexation, and when we returned together to his rooms he refused to speak to me. In vain I asked him what was wrong; he would not answer, and reduced me to utter despair. I wished I were dead, as life without his affection would be insupportable. At length, touched by my tears, which showed him that my heart was indeed all his own, he told me the cause of his vexation, and I clearly proved to him his mistake. Thus peace was made between us.

The two brothers were always talking of the delights of Italy, and tried to persuade me to accompany them there, travelling in the depths of winter in an open carriage. When we had gone but one day's journey from Hanover, I found myself utterly unable to go further, and was obliged to return alone, while the two Dukes continued their journey together. I was inconsolable, and at the sight of so many

uninteresting people, but no Duke among them, I was unable to restrain my tears. Ashamed of such weakness I avoided showing myself in public at all, and took pleasure only in receiving the Duke's letters. The Duke of Hanover also wrote and surprised me by complaining that I had withdrawn my hand just as he was about to kiss it on taking leave. Considering this reproach too ridiculous to be answered, I made no reply. To my great joy I heard from the Duke that my solitude was not to be of long duration. He settled to meet me at his mother's residence of Hertzberg, where I was to go to pay my respects to the Duchess while awaiting his arrival. I was most kindly received by this excellent princess, who was tenderly attached to her children, among whom she was good enough to include me. She had not patience to await the Dukes' arrival, but sent on M. Stiquinel [1] to meet them and

[1] Stechinelli.

hear their news. He, however, could not return more quickly than they, and we heard him blowing his horn before the princes, at which the Duchess was much, and I intensely, rejoiced.

I ran to meet my husband, quite forgetting to greet his brother, thus forcing him in politeness to remind me of my duty. This might have shown him how my heart was inclined; but jealousy, blinding us to the truth, shows us many things that do not exist, as the sequel will prove.

After spending some very pleasant days at Hertzberg we returned to Hanover, and then went on to Humelin,[1] where the Dukes used to resort for hunting. There we enjoyed ourselves immensely. The Duke of Zell, my husband's eldest brother, and Prince Louis[2] of East Friesland, were also of the party. Though we saw a great deal of the Duke of Zell, still the friendship with

[1] Hümling, April 1659.
[2] Enno Louis, 1651-1660.

him was not so close as that between the other two brothers, for he was given to drinking, which was indeed his only fault. As to our two dukes, George William and Ernest Augustus, they were inseparable, and I formed as it were the third person in this union, in which, alas! the numbers were unequal. I know not if the Duke of Hanover was discontented with his share of our domestic happiness, for in Italy, when one brother marries, the others all say, 'Siamo maritati' ('We are married'); he actually told me one day that he much regretted having given me up to his brother. This speech I cut short by pretending not to hear it.

My husband, however, who knew his brother better than I did, easily read his thoughts, and feared lest I might lend an ear to a person in whom he saw many good qualities, which, in my opinion, were not to be compared with his own; for had the choice between the two been given me,

I would always have chosen my husband, as in any change I could but have been the loser. However, my husband fancied that he perceived in me an inclination for his brother, of which I myself was wholly unconscious, and as this infatuation on my husband's part could only arise from his strong affection, I loved him all the more for it, hoping by my conduct soon to convince him of his error. I took pleasure even in his precautions to guard me, for after dinner, when he took a siesta, he would seat me opposite to him, and place his feet on the sides of my chair so that I could not stir ; this would last for hours together, and to anyone who loved him less than I did, would have been very wearisome.

I did all in my power to conceal this jealousy from the Duke of Hanover, for fear of raising ill feeling between the brothers, but could not entirely succeed in my endeavour, as he plainly saw that my manner to him was more distant than it

used to be. Meanwhile, my husband's jealousy increased, notwithstanding all my efforts to cure it. I now hardly ever saw his brother except at table, or, to speak more correctly, I sat at table without seeing him at all, having taught myself to turn away my eyes from him altogether, in order to avoid my husband's reproaches. Indeed, I can say with truth, that for years the Duke of Hanover handed me to dinner without my seeing so much as his shadow.

At last my husband himself, growing tired of this restraint, proposed to take a tour in Italy with the Duke of Hanover, while I might have the pleasure of visiting my mother at the Hague, and awaiting their return with her. He assured me, moreover, that he would never again be jealous, as I had entirely cured him of that fault.

As the Duke of Hanover was to go by way of Holland, I put off my departure for a fortnight after that of my husband, in the hope that he (the Duke of Hanover) would

have left before my arrival. Far from this being the case, he received me at Leyden, overwhelming me with unwelcome attentions which put me in a very painful position. Not knowing what else to do, I entreated him, if he had the smallest consideration for me, to depart and leave me in peace. He was good enough to do so by continuing his journey to Italy, expecting, however, that I should feel deeply obliged to him for his kindness.[1]

After his departure, I spent my time very pleasantly with the Queen my mother, who graciously expressed great pleasure at having me once more with her. I had also brought my niece, the Princess Palatine, now Duchess of Orleans, to whom the Queen was passionately attached, the more so, perhaps, because this princess was the only one of her grandchildren that she had seen.

[1] Sophia's niece, the Duchess of Orleans, speaking of her aunt and Duke George William, used to say, 'Alte Liebe rostet nicht' ('Old love does not rust').

In May I was obliged to return to Hanover, where my husband arrived a few days later, greatly delighting me by his return. The Duke of Hanover having gone to Hanover, we lived in undisturbed tranquillity. In June my eldest child was born,[1] and my sufferings on the occasion were so great that it was feared that the child or I must die. The Duke's distress was so keen, and his tenderness to me so touching, that I took heart for his sake to bear my sufferings. Great was the joy of the Duke and of all his subjects when our son was born alive. He was baptised without ceremony, receiving the name of George Louis, after two of his uncles.

Meanwhile, the Duke of Hanover returned. He believed that his absence had cured my husband, and, the more to reassure him, he spoke incessantly of a Mlle. Wattinsvain, as whose admirer he posed; but he was a bad actor, and the slumbering

[1] June 7, 1660.

jealousy of my husband broke forth with fresh fury, at which the Duke of Hanover was so distressed that he fell ill. I did not dare either to see him or to ask for him, and must confess to having felt pity for the poor man, thus left desolate in the midst of his family; for we seldom hate those who love us. He was advised to take the Pyrmont waters, and as my husband, who suffered from the same complaint (the spleen), thought that he also would be the better for them, we all went together. However, as the brothers occupied different houses, all passed off well for me. The Dukes arranged that they should spend the winter in Italy and I at Heidelberg. This plan was accordingly carried out, and on their return they came to fetch me home. I ought, however, first to explain that, immediately after the Duke's departure, I went to Heidelberg with my son, who was still an infant, and very glad I was to have him as an object for my affection during

the Duke's absence. On my arrival at Heidelberg the Elector honoured me with a state reception, and permitted all the Faculties of the University to offer me an address in expression of their joy at my return to my own country. I was equally delighted to see once more so beloved a brother, and to find his affection for me unchanged. He was now entirely separated from his wife, and still attached to Baroness Degenfelt.[1] I visited the former, and he pressed me to see the latter also; but this I was unwilling to do, fearing, were I to visit her, that the world might suppose me to approve my brother's divorce.

On March 1, which the English in general and the Royal Family in particular observe, by eating in the evening an onion [leek] which they have worn in their hats throughout the day, in memory of a battle won by a Prince of Wales wearing this device, the Elector arranged to send

[1] Whom he had married Jan. 1658.

leeks to all the English residents, to Baroness Degenfelt, her children, and to me; and invited me to come and eat mine in his rooms, where I met the Baroness with the prettiest little son and daughter in the world. I greeted them all and petted the children, for nowhere could one have seen more charming little creatures. Further intercourse, however, I avoided, for fear of any disturbance on the part of the Electress and of the possible disapproval of my husband; for this lady had not yet attained the position which she ultimately held, nor had the Electress as yet entirely given way, as she afterwards did by retiring to Cassel.

Towards Easter the Dukes appeared at Heidelberg to fetch me home, according to their promise. The Elector lent us a pinnace, in which we sailed down the Rhine, reaching Rotterdam just as the Queen my mother was about to embark for England.[1]

[1] May 1661.

This good princess gave me her blessing for the last time, as I had the sorrow of losing her in the course of the following year.[1] The Duke of Hanover took us to the Hague that we might go to the theatre and see all the beauties. We then returned to our usual life at Hanover, *i.e.* to a life that I was obliged to regulate in every detail, down to the very use of my eyes, according to the Duke's wishes, and this, as a proof of my affection for him, I did very willingly.

The Duke of Hanover, however, seeing me at my ease with everyone but himself, and considering a certain Villiers as the most fascinating personage at his court, imagined that I admired him, and in a fit of jealous anger complained to my husband, who laughed at the idea, and said to me in private, 'I should never think of being jealous of anyone but my brother.' Still, a person of different disposition from

[1] Feb. 2, 1662.

mine would have fared ill between these two jealous people. One of them, however, was so dear to me that I looked on his unmerited reproaches as endearments, being convinced that they could be prompted only by the warmth of his affection for me.

The other, considering himself slighted, transferred his attentions to one of my ladies named Landas,[1] for which I was truly thankful, while they lasted; but, as the result proved, the fire was but of straw, and therefore of short duration.

At this time my second son was born,[2] and called Frederick Augustus after his uncle John Frederick, and Duke Augustus of Wolfenbüttel.[3] Meanwhile the Duke of Hanover amused himself with travelling, and during his absence my peace was undisturbed. My husband sent for the Hamburg troupe, and I well remember their

[1] Landasz, a Rhenish family. [2] October 3, 1661.
[3] 1635-66.

acting Doctor Faust, who was carried off by the devil.

News reached the Duke that the Bishop of Osnabrück (Franz Wilhelm Cardinal von Wartemberg) had also passed into another world.[1] I was delighted, as the change would deliver me from all my troubles. The Duke of Hanover returned, and my husband made all necessary preparations for solemnly assuming his episcopal post. As I was considered an unnecessary appendage in this ecclesiastical ceremony,[2] my husband, who was unwilling to leave me at Hanover, arranged to send me on the day of his departure to Zell, where I was to stay for some days with his sister the Duchess before following him. According to instructions I set off punctually. On our way we had to pass through a place called Soulingen, belonging to the Duke of Hanover, who took the trouble to write

[1] December 1661.

[2] Ernest Augustus entered Osnabrück Se t. 30, 1662.

and ask permission to come and take leave of me there. Considering his note and request equally irritating, I replied that, if he had the smallest consideration for me, he would refrain from coming, and thus pursued my journey without further interruption, being met by my husband near Ibourg, his new residence, which I liked extremely; the castle also was so well fitted up that I was quite satisfied with it.

The first thing we did there was to marry off Mlle. Landas to a former attendant of the Duke's, named Lente,[1] who, though very ignorant, was a thorough gentleman. She, however, was quite pleased with him, and by good conduct and cleverness made him an excellent wife. The Duke of Hanover attended the wedding, apparently without the slightest regret. This ceremony gave us an opportunity of seeing the local beauties, who were not very attractive.

[1] Lenthe, a Hanoverian family.

CHAPTER V.

DEMOISELLES D'OLBREUSE AND LA MOTTHE—JOURNEY TO ITALY—VERONA—VICENZA—VENICE—MILAN—LORETTO—PARMA—JOURNEY TO ROME.

THE bonds of holy matrimony had not changed the Duke's gay nature. He wearied of always possessing the same thing, and found a retired life irksome. He took a fancy to go to Venice, and believed that he would enjoy the tour more were I to accompany him. To this I, who would have gladly followed him to the antipodes, raised no objection. He accordingly went on before, leaving me to winter midway at Heidelberg and to follow him after Easter.

The Duke, who wished my court in a foreign country to make a sensation on account of the beauty of my ladies-in-

waiting, desired me, when passing through Cassel, to try to see two maids of honour who were in the service of the Princess of Tarentum, one of whom, named d'Olbreuse, he had heard much praised for her beauty by the Duke of Hanover, while the other, named La Motthe, was recommended by Duke John Frederick, though the Princess did not care for her because she was so quiet; and, if I thought them worth the trouble, to bring them with me. On reaching Cassel, however, I found that they and their princess were gone, and so was afterwards obliged to take Mlle. La Motthe solely on Duke John Frederick's recommendation, and, finding her a most satisfactory person, I never had cause to repent doing so. Mlle. d'Olbreuse refused to come with me, preferring to follow her mistress to Holland, and thither the Duke of Holland, who appeared to be much smitten with her, also betook himself. Illness meanwhile detained me at Heidelberg, but no

sooner was I recovered than we started for Italy. The Elector, who honoured me with his company as far as Bretten, was in great fear lest so long a journey might injure my health. So great, however, was my impatience to join the Duke, that I found fault with my unwieldy train for not going faster. We passed through Würtemberg, which is perfectly beautiful, and then through Ulm. At Augsburg I had to stop and reduce my train of followers, which was too cumbrous to cross the Alps. To while away the time, I went into a church to see a miraculous wafer which, as people were assured, had been turned into flesh. I saw that it was simply a piece of red wax, and said so to the priest who was displaying it with a great show of devotion. He answered 'Yes,' but that the flesh was inside the wax. This one had to believe without seeing.

All being ready for a fresh start, I set off and reached Innsprück *incognito*. Our

hotel being beyond the town, I returned with my ladies on foot to see it. A half-witted man standing at the palace door pointed out the arch-duchesses, one of whom has since become Empress. As well as one could judge from a distance, they seemed handsome. This is all that I can remember as taking place between Augsburg and Bronzolo, which we reached in nine days—except indeed that the carriages upset several times, and so terrified my ladies that Mlle. Keppel[1] went nearly the whole way on foot, while Mlle. La Motthe rode. I, travelling in a litter, ran no risk. On our way we saw the town of Trent, where the Council made such a stir, and at Bronzolo I had the great joy of meeting the Duke, who was accompanied, in addition to his own suite, by two Venetian nobles, Giovanni Morosini and Leonardo Loredan, also by Felice Macchiavelli and Dr. Tac. My train was much more con-

[1] Keppel, a family of Guelderland.

siderable; seldom indeed has so brilliant an *incognito* been seen. I had the grand equerry De Harling, Herr von Lenthe, the Chevalier von Sandis, and the Herrn von Droit and von Nehm; Mme. Lenthe and the Demoiselles Keppel, La Motthe, and Ahlefeld,[1] as well as my whole ordinary household, even including Remo and the violin band. My ladies and women occupied four carriages, the gentlemen rode, and the servants went in carts.

With this huge caravan we arrived *incognito* at Verona. No sooner was my arrival noised abroad than the magistrates sent refreshments and the ladies flocked to visit me. I was prepossessed with the idea that only angels of beauty were to be seen in a country that had so often attracted the Dukes, from whom I had learned so much about the ladies of Italy. Great, therefore, was my surprise to see frightful faces, which even magnificence of attire failed to make

[1] Ahlefeld, a Holstein family.

tolerable. No sooner, however, did they speak than I was fascinated by their wit and charm of manner. They took me to see a lovely garden and a very ancient amphitheatre, and then conducted me to a kind of market-place, where, exposed to sun and dust, the ladies spend their afternoons, more delighted with the society of gentlemen than distressed by the ruin of their complexions.

Leaving Verona I went to Vicenza, where the ladies, outdoing the civility of the others, received me in a body at the gates of the town, attended by the nobility, which here is both numerous and polite. They were headed by Count Gabriel Porto [Pozzo?], and among the beauties Countess Auriga bore the palm, and might have passed as the greatest of all marvels in her native town, Verona. They neglected nothing for my amusement, even permitting masques. At a ball I learned to dance, or rather to march, to the music of violins,

accompanied by a partner who, taking your hand, leads you round the room, and during the tour is obliged to say all the pretty things he can invent. I had the pleasure of hearing myself compared to all the stars. On the next day I was taken to the 'Campo Marzio,' which is a fine meadow, where the ladies sit in carriages which are drawn up in single file, while the gentlemen on foot talk to them and display their wit in sonnets. In this *jeu d'esprit* Signor Jean-Baptiste Fracassan distinguished himself greatly. They then showed me the beautiful amphitheatre, where, in my honour, two couples danced 'la moutarde' and 'les marionnettes,' for which they received thunders of applause. Everyone cried out, 'Bene, bene! Viva, viva!' which showed me that the ladies of this country have the good fortune to please with very small pains.

I then went by water to Venice, which I reached late in the evening. The Duke

asked me if I did not think the town beautiful, and I did not dare to say 'No,' though in reality it appeared to me extremely melancholy. Nothing was to be seen but water, nothing heard but 'Premi,' and 'Stali,' the cry of the gondoliers as they guide their coal-black gondolas, which resemble floating coffins. To amuse me I was taken to see some nuns, who, however, had no wit to spare for ladies, and then to the churches which serve for lovers' rendezvous. The Corso was what pleased me most, for there one can enjoy fresh air without the annoyance of dust. There was, however, a total lack of conversation, for the gondolas glided so swiftly by that one could hardly distinguish the beauty of their occupants. I therefore had one stopped every now and then beside my own.

At Venice I was on such a footing that to all I said and did they remarked, 'È la moda Francese' ('It is French fashion'). This made me so bold as to dance out of

doors in the evenings with the Duke and my ladies, and this French liberty was loudly applauded by some Venetian nobles who looked on. To complete our folly we went all dressed out like actresses in gold and silver brocade and quantities of feathers to tilt at the ring on the Lido before a crowd of over 100,000 persons. Each lady was attended by a cavalier, and the carriages were adorned with gilded copper laid on in festoons of raised work instead of carving, so that it might be light.

The Duke had brought a certain Cavaliere Artali, who was a Sicilian and a great poet. Dressed up in a coat all covered with diamonds, which he had borrowed from the opera-house, he entered the lists and defied the other cavaliers in verse. Though he tilted too badly ever to touch the ring, he was enthusiastically applauded by the bystanders, who, accustomed only to their gondolas, regarded this novelty as a kind of miraculous performance. Our

ladies also made a sensation that day, and gained many admirers by their skill. As I should have been mortified to remain the only lady unattended by a cavalier in a place where it is the fashion to have one, the Duke chose for me the procurator Soranzo, a very unimportant person. Mme. Lenthe had Count Durini; Mlle. Keppel, who flirted with everyone that looked at her, had several cavaliers; Giovanni Morosini was Mlle. La Motthe's adorer; and the fresh, fair Mlle. Ahlefeld charmed all observers. In the evenings we laughed over the follies of the day. Duke John Frederick also was with us, he and his suite being lodged in our palace at the Duke's expense.

The customs of Italy and its air disagreed equally with me. I sank into melancholy, and suffered from an ailment not uncommon to strangers, viz. a total loss of the power of digestion, and from this malady I became so weak as frequently to faint away. Besides this I suffered slightly

from low fever, which often confined me to my bed.

Just then Duke John Frederick arranged to give a concert to the ladies, but they refused to attend it without me. For his sake I made a great effort and went, accompanied by Countess Serini and her daughter, as the Venetian ladies, owing to a decree of the Senate, dared no longer visit me.

We had been so pleased with the politeness of the nobility at Vicenza that we returned thither, and as our Venetian tournament had been much talked of the Duke desired us to repeat the entertainment on the 'Campo Marzio,' and the nobility of the place begged permission to attend the ladies and share the honours of the field. When all was ready a terrible disaster occurred. We lived in a palace standing on a height called 'Casa di Bronsuic,'[1] because built by a certain Volpe with money which he had won at cards from Dukes of

[1] Brunswick.

Brunswick. On coming down the hill Mlle. La Motthe, finding her horses unmanageable, joined Mlle. Keppel, who already had with her an English admirer called Hels. The horses of the empty carriage, seizing the bit between their teeth, fell with such fury on the carriage containing the three persons as to upset it and reduce the occupants to a piteous plight. The first to emerge was Mr. Hels, with no more serious damage than some rents in his clothes. Instead of rushing to the rescue of his lady love, he stood scolding his servant for neglecting to bring his horse, as, had it been there, this mishap would not have befallen him. Count Quinto, who was also of Mlle. Keppel's party, stood staring at her as if in a trance. Chevalier Sandis, who afterwards married her, alone gave any proof of sincere affection by dragging first her and then her companion from under the horses' feet. The poor girls were so severely kicked as hardly to be recog-

nisable, and they took a fortnight to recover from their injuries.

This disaster spoilt our pleasure for the day. The rest of our time passed in all kinds of amusements. In the evening there were assemblies, and we instituted an Academy in the amphitheatre, where this question was one day put, 'What sort of madness would be the best to choose, were one forced to go out of one's mind?' Cavaliere Artali surpassed himself in maintaining that the best kind of madness was to laugh at everything; for which indeed he had his own good reasons, seeing that the Podestà's wife, who was over sixty years old, had taken a violent fancy to him; but as he had only respect to offer in return for her affection, they parted mutually dissatisfied.

It may be imagined how strange I, a German, felt in a country where nothing is thought of but love, and where a lady would consider herself disgraced were she without

admirers. I had always learned to look on coquetry as a crime, but according to Italian morality it was esteemed as a virtue. I was surprised to hear a Venetian lady of high standing ask Mlle. La Motthe, 'Mademoiselle, how do they make love in France?' 'I do not know,' replied Mlle. La Motthe. 'Indeed!' said the other; 'did you leave home so young?' This same lady always followed my gondola, being anxious, as she said, to repay me by this attention for the honour which the Duke had once paid her by making love to her.

Having seen everything at Venice, the Duke resolved to take me to Rome by Milan. It was late in the evening when we reached this fine town, where S. Carlo Borromeo [1] has left so saintly a memory. Count Durini lodged us in one of his palaces and loaded us with kind attentions. He told us that a great ball was going on, at

[1] Cardinal Archbishop of Milan.

which we might see all the beauties of the town, and as curiosity proved stronger than fatigue, we went and found indeed the ladies quite worthy of the exertion. Many had fine figures, and there was much good dancing. There was also something of grave dignity about their half-Spanish dress. Countess Bianca, daughter of Countess Ippolita Visconti, shone among the dancers, and charmed me as much by her distinguished bearing as did her mother with all her overpowering civility. She entreated me to unmask. I hesitated a while between the discomfort of the heat and the unpleasantness of displaying myself in travelling costume and morning cap ; but as comfort always carries the day with me I took her advice, to her intense gratification.

Next day she came to visit me with nearly a hundred ladies, who all stayed till nightfall. Dancing being their favourite amusement, they were anxious that I

should continually enjoy this pastime, so we danced every evening till I was completely worn out. The nobles of Milan, who are extremely kind and polite, did their best also for my amusement. They showed me everything of note in the town, among which I especially admired the church and hospital built by S. Carlo Borromeo.

Just as we were about to start for Rome, Mlle. Ahlefeld fell ill; her beauty, which had made so great a sensation at Venice, was attacked by small-pox, and I was obliged to leave her behind at Bologna. It would take a volume to describe all the particulars of this long journey. I remember the chief ones only, also that I did not find it in the least tedious, because a table was set in my carriage at which I played cards all the way to Rome with the two Venetian nobles.

These two Venetians differed greatly in character. When we came near to the

'Santa Casa' at Loretto, Loredan, having often heard that it causes emotion, was touched by the force of his own imagination, while the other with difficulty refrained from laughter. We stopped there for a day to have a good view of the miracle, which is, indeed, a notable one, in making people foolish enough to come from long distances to seek their salvation in worshipping this ugly figure of the Virgin with a broken nose. We saw pilgrims from all parts of Christendom, but none of sounder sense than a certain German who attached himself permanently to our kitchen, saying: 'The Virgin is, I believe, very good, but she gives one nothing to eat.'

When I went with the Duke into the so-called Holy Chapel of this lady of the broken nose, I felt quite faint with the smoke and flare from so many oil lamps, and was obliged to come out for fresh air and sit in the outer church. One of the

Virgin's officers, accosting me, said that to her it was a mere trifle to replace a head, and that a man 'sviscerato' had been instantaneously cured. Feeling restored, curiosity induced me to re-enter the chapel. They showed me a portrait said to be by S. Luke, who must have been a very poor artist. I then saw the porringers from which our Lord when a child had eaten. By looking the priest who displayed them full in the face, I showed him that I totally disbelieved his story, and forced him to relax his gravity. He, indeed, had good cause for merriment at earning his living so easily. In the 'Casa' stood a large silver angel, the height of a man, turned towards the Virgin and bearing in his arms the Dauphin of France (Louis XIV.). This angel was the gift of Queen Anne of Austria, and was inscribed with these words in large letters: 'De Vous je l'ay eu ; à Vous je le rends' ('From you I received him'—the Dauphin; 'to you I return him'). I also saw

a heart in diamonds given by Queen Marie de Bourbon (Henrietta Maria) of England, with these words, 'Parceque je l'aime je vous le donne.' The Virgin's treasure was not, I thought, so rich as that of S. Denis, for this reason, that the Pope often takes away the best things. That very year he had, as we were informed, sold over 100,000 crowns' worth (of jewels) and bought land for the Virgin that she might the better maintain her court; for she keeps a complete household, including a carriage and six horses, of which, however, she does not make use when changing her abode; for wishing to settle for ever at Loretto, she employed angels, who flew with her, house and all, from Jerusalem [Bethlehem?] to Loretto. So at least says the legend.

The good Loredan roused his companion in the middle of the night with the joyful news that I had been deeply affected, and would doubtless soon become a Roman

Catholic; but he was a bad physiognomist, for had such a thought ever crossed my mind that place, I am sure, would have dispelled it.

From Loretto we went on to Parma, where the Duke had sent orders for our reception, arranging that on reaching Piacenza Count Palpauri should welcome us in his name. The Count, who was quite equal to the occasion, expressed himself with the greatest eloquence, and insisted on lodging us in the Duke's palace, declaring that, were he to neglect his duty in serving us, his master's wrath would descend heavily upon him. Though supper was standing ready at the inn, my husband suffered himself to be persuaded. The Count indeed lodged us to perfection, but left us to die of hunger. After keeping us long waiting, they laid a small table in a pretty little boudoir where the Duke had decided to sup privately, including in the party our ladies and the two Venetian

nobles. No sooner was the table laid than we all took our places, as it was growing very late. At last a very small salad dressed with currants appeared, and as quickly disappeared. This treat was followed by six fresh eggs, which made us laugh, for each tried who should be the first to snatch one. The last course consisted of eel pie. Never, I believe, was so bad a supper eaten in such good spirits.

Next day Count Palpauri redoubled his compliments and entreated me to praise his excellent arrangements to the Duke. That it was undoubtedly the Duke's intention that we should be entertained with the best regardless of cost, we could judge by his splendid hospitality at Parma, where we were feasted with the greatest magnificence in one of his palaces, notwithstanding our wish to remain *incognito*.

The Duchess-Dowager of Parma expressed a great desire to see me, and, as I wished to see one of her daughters who,

in despair at not marrying the King of England, had taken the veil, it was arranged that we were all to meet at the convent. The Duchess appeared, attended by her son the reigning Duke and one of her brothers, who was extremely stout. The Duchess was profuse in polite speeches, reminding me of her former wish to have me as her daughter-in-law. That same evening my husband waited on the young Duchess, and was blamed for not covering in her presence. Her ladies were all seated round the room, which surprised him in his turn.

At Modena I made no stay, merely passing through the town. The Duke growing tired of our slow rate of travelling took post and went on to Rome. My ladies, Mlle. Keppel especially, went nearly the whole way on foot, fearing to be upset down the frightful precipices. I had not the same forethought, and my carriage would certainly have been overturned had

not Dr. Tac and a page, who by good hap were walking, rushed to rescue me from a danger which the game of cards that I was absorbed in had prevented my remarking. With considerable difficulty I was extricated from the carriage, which I then exchanged for my litter, in which I was perfectly safe.

During this journey Dr. Tac pointed out a remarkably large comet, which made no impression of any kind on my mind.

CHAPTER VI.

ROME—SOPHIA IS TO BE CONVERTED—POPE ALEXANDER III. OFFENDS DUKE JOHN FREDERICK—THE POPE AT ST. PETER'S—CHURCH OF MARIA DELLA VITTORIA—SIENA—FLORENCE — BOLOGNA—VENICE CARNIVAL—VICENZA—MILAN—JOURNEY HOME—DEATH OF CHRISTIAN LOUIS, DUKE OF ZELL—QUARREL OVER SUCCESSION—COMPROMISE.

NIGHT had already closed in when I entered Rome *incognito*, but with a suite of nearly two hundred persons. The Grand Duke of Tuscany [1] lent us one of his palaces, where we were very well lodged, for the Abbé Tassis had taken the trouble to have it fitted up for us. As the Duke had gone to see Mme. Colonna, Felice Macchiavelli received me with a message from him to the effect that, in order to avoid ceremony of all description, he thought it best for me

[1] Ferdinand II. 1621-1670.

to receive no visitors. Cardinal d'Este sent that evening to welcome me, and as, in ignorance of the customs of the country, I had not desired his messenger to be covered, I was much astonished to hear him say on taking leave that he would tell his master how he had been treated. I replied that he was welcome to do so, as I did not understand the intricacies of the subject. His master, who, having once visited France, had learned the customs of other countries, did not seem to have taken offence, for he twice waited on me in a garden. He was a most well-mannered, kind-hearted, and estimable prince, who talked much, and very badly, with the disagreeable accent of his country.

My husband meanwhile went every evening to play basset with Mme. Colonna,[1] and I should have been very dull but

[1] Maria Mancini, niece to Cardinal Mazarin, born 1639; married, 1661, Lorenzo Onufrio, Duke of Tagliacozzi, Prince of Pagliano and Castiglione, Hereditary Constable of Naples, whom she left 1672; died 1715.

for the enjoyment of walking in exquisite gardens and the diversion of cards. I was seized with such curiosity to see a lady whom the King of France [1] had loved, and who even now engrossed my husband's attention, that I could not wait until she was sufficiently recovered from an illness to come to see me. I was assured also that I could quite well go and visit her without establishing any precedent (as regarded etiquette), there being no equality between us, and as I should receive the title of Highness from her, I might take her by surprise in the evening, when my husband would be playing cards. This carefully prepared impromptu was accordingly carried out. I found her lying in a bed, dressed in a blue and silver silk dressing-gown, tied in front with flame-coloured ribbon, which had, I thought, a very bad effect. On her head was a point-lace cap which did not reach her face, but was down over the forehead

[1] Louis XIV. in his youth wished to marry her.

without touching the ears. I guessed, from her manner and the movement of her lips, that she intended to welcome me; but 'Altesse' was the only word that I could distinguish. The Duke de Créqui[1] came up with a languishing air, to which her response was, 'Un poco di bassetto' (a game of basset), which was her favourite pastime. Accordingly we sat down to play, and the evening passed without giving me any clue as to how this person had made such a noise in the world, though I guessed by her sparkling eyes that she was probably livelier with men than with women. After her recovery we often met, though she claimed the right to my hand, which I always contrived to avoid giving. Once, indeed, when she came to take me to a convent where she had an aunt, I could not resist taking precedence of her on our own staircase, notwithstanding my *incognito*. She, however, made no disturbance,

[1] French Ambassador at Rome.

as she cared nothing for ceremony, and, indeed, the Duke, who liked to please her, was more vexed than she herself was about it. One day she took a fancy to save my soul, and for this purpose took me 'al Gesù'—to the Jesuit church—where she had appointed the Pope's preacher to come and convert me. The only argument employed by this man was, the great number of Jesuits in the world, all learned men, from which it was to be concluded that the Roman Catholic Church is the best, as otherwise so many clever people would not belong to it. Mme. Colonna, in amazement that he had nothing better to say, whispered, 'I had expected better things from him, but fancy he cannot count himself among his boasted geniuses.'

The General, Father Oliva, might certainly take rank among them. He often visited me, and was most polite in his attentions. On the fête day of the Jesuits' patron saint he received me at the door of

his church, to which I had been invited to hear the music.

Queen Christina of Sweden came also on the following day, expecting to meet me, but, alas! on that very day I was seized with fever, and so never saw her at all during my stay at Rome; for her Majesty refused the honour due to my rank in her own house, and Cardinal Azzolini prevented the appointment which she proposed in her garden, where I should have been charmed to pay my respects to her.

Duke John Frederick, though a Catholic, had the same dispute with Pope Alexander VII.,[1] who refused to grant him the honours that Prince Charles of Lorraine had enjoyed, making the excuse that he had done too much for that prince. Duke John Frederick replied that it was impossible to do too much for HIM, but the Pope, who was a poor creature, better versed in poetry than in politics, allowed a prince who had

[1] 1655–1667.

submitted to his Church to leave Rome dissatisfied. I was told that His Holiness would be pleased to see me *incognito*, but as he had ill-treated my brother-in-law I sought no opportunity of meeting him.

My society in Rome consisted chiefly of our house party and the friends whom we had brought; for I did not receive Roman ladies, and the beautiful Falerniere who visited me at Venice did not do so at Rome. Statues and pictures, therefore, interested me more than people, and every day I went to look at them in the most splendid palaces and gardens. I also went to see the beautiful cascades at Frascati. What I most admired and never tired of was the Church of St. Peter; its structure and ornaments are equally admirable. Having gone there once for its own sake, I went back again to see the Pope. The captain of his guards, who is a Swiss, placed me where I could see him quite close. His Holiness hurried

awkwardly in, and intended, I fancy, by his needless gesticulations, to convey the idea that he was still hale and strong. Such airs could not, I am sure, have been assumed merely to please ladies, nor indeed were they very dignified on the part of the Head of the Church, which they degraded in my eyes. He gave his blessing while passing rapidly from one altar to another, kneeling before each, and repeating a prayer from his breviary. I also went to the Church d' Ogni Santi, once the Pantheon, and to that of Maria della Vittoria, once the temple of Jupiter Victor. Here were the crown and sceptre of Emperor Ferdinand, sent by him to a little picture of the Virgin, which had, as he thought, won the battle of Prague for him against my father.

The monk who exhibited this fine present remarked that so great a princess as I ought also to give something, to which I replied, 'Yes, if the Virgin had been on the other side.' The whole church was

decorated with flags and standards taken in this battle.

Having seen everything of interest in Rome, I was charmed to hear the Duke talk of our return home, for I longed to see my two sons again. As he had made a party to go to the country with Mme. Colonna, he arranged that I should start first. Mme. Colonna mentions this party in her book, but having more cleverness and less memory than I, she dates it wrongly, saying that it took place on my arrival, whereas it was at the time of my departure from Rome.

She was kind enough to accompany me to the gates of the city, returning alone in the carriage with my husband, which is quite contrary to the custom of her own country.

In passing through the Papal States I was surprised to hear how ill the subjects spoke of their sovereign. On asking our hostess if the late Pope had been any better than the present one, I received as answer :

'Giusto un ladro come questo' ('A thief just like this one').

Leaving the Papal States, I entered those of the Duke of Florence, where the Prince had everywhere given orders for my reception in his own palaces, though I desired to keep up my *incognito*. On reaching Siena I was made to alight from my litter at a very fine palace. Twelve chevaliers of the Grand Duke's 'fabrique,' wearing red crosses and holding lighted wax candles, ushered me into a ball-room filled with magnificently dressed ladies. I was much surprised by this brilliant reception, and equally distressed that we were not better prepared for it. There was nothing for it, however, but to come in, and we had the amazement of seeing rope-dancers and marionettes dance to the same music, executing nearly exactly the same steps. Among others there was a Neapolitan in a black silk suit, so tight that he must have been sewn into it. We had a good laugh

at him later in the evening when we had retired, and were free to do so without hurting anyone's feeling. Some of the ladies were very pretty, the hostess especially so. A sister of Countess Ippolita Visconti was also there, and she took the same charge of me at Siena that her sister had done at Milan.

Continuing our journey by terrible roads, we met with too many adventures to be recounted here. The carriage containing my maids of honour having been upset nine times in one day, they refused any longer to trust themselves to it, and tried riding instead, with which, however, poor Mlle. Ahlefeld fared no better, for she tumbled into a ditch, whence Chevalier Sandis had to drag her out by the head.

From utter exhaustion the mules of my waiting-women's litter were unable to go a step further, and Baron Platen,[1] foreseeing

[1] Franz Ernst, Baron, afterwards Count, Platen-Hallermund.

serious inconvenience to me were they left behind, mounted them both on post-horses, one riding *en croupe* with himself, the other with Secretary Beser, and in this guise, with a postillion sounding his horn before them, I beheld their arrival.

At last, late in the evening, we reached Florence, where, by the Grand Duke's orders, we were lodged in one of his palaces. He and his court were absent; his brother Prince Leopold, afterwards cardinal, alone represented the family. This prince came at once to wait upon me, and I advanced a step beyond the door to welcome him. Marchese Vitelli, fearing that, owing to his insignificant appearance, I might fail to distinguish the prince, whispered: 'He in priest's dress is the prince.' I, however, had already marked him by his manner, which had something very noble about it. He possessed both wit and merit, and was untiring in his efforts to please. Towards the nobility, with whom he lived on excel-

lent terms, his manner was, I thought, equally free from haughtiness and familiarity. He took me to a ball in the town, and I in return gave one to him, or rather to the numerous ladies of Florence, whose good looks, toilette, and elegant dancing are much to be admired. The gentlemen also were excellent dancers; in short, the society of Florence was all that could be desired. Here one was not, as elsewhere, overwhelmed with politeness, nor was comfort forgotten in amusement.

Prince Leopold took me to an entertainment given by a bride. The whole house was lit up, and in every room stood several tables, at each of which four couples played a game of cards called 'coucounetto.' The crush was tremendous, and the Prince called all the beauties his daughters. I went also to see the Grand Ducal residence, 'Casa Piti,' and greatly admired both palace and garden.

The last room shown was that of Prince

Leopold, and his collection of fine pictures excited the admiration of all the connoisseurs amongst us. The Prince had the most exquisite confectionery laid out as a treat for us, but, as I preferred looking at his fine pictures and lovely Venus to eating, he had them all packed up and sent home to us, complimenting our Venetian noblemen upon them, for they had been the gift of the republic to him when he was at Venice.

Curiosity induced me to go to see the children of the family also, one of whom, who was brother to the Grand Duke, was very pretty; the other, his son, being an infant in swaddling clothes, could be admired only for his plumpness and fair skin.

The Grand Duke sent game of his own killing nearly every day, and also presented me with a large quantity of medicine, which was very ill bestowed, as I never took any. A gentleman of his court surprised me by remarking in English: 'Doubtless you would have preferred perfumes.' We heard

afterwards that his name was Gasconi, and that he had been envoy to England. There was a refinement at the court of Florence that charmed me, and I left it with the impression that it was far superior to any other place that I had seen in Italy. My next halt was at Bologna, whither I had sent to ask Signor Marescotti to put me up, as the nobility of each place to which I came had always kindly lodged me in their palaces. The Signor declared that he was most willing to grant my request, and I was received by his wife, the Signora Laura, the Contessa Capraro, formerly Marchesa Angelotte, and other ladies of his family.

We were led through a gallery which to hungry travellers seemed like an enchanted spot, for on each side, from end to end, ran a kind of sideboard tastefully laid out with wax candles and confectionery. Through this gallery we were brought to a fine room hung with gold brocade, and here I expected the Signor's politeness to end;

but when my servants tried to enter the kitchen, he gave them to understand that it was his intention to entertain me and my numerous suite, and all things being ready, he hoped that I would not insult him with a refusal. Greatly embarrassed by this offer, I decided at last to accept it for myself and to send my servants to an inn. He replied with a compliment *à la Bolognese*, that he would assassinate any innkeeper who dared to give food to my servants, and forthwith entertained us all most sumptuously. I sat apart at a little round table, and the local nobility and my attendants at several long ones. This excess of courtesy prevented my staying so long as I should otherwise have done at Bologna, being much pleased with its society and way of living. A ball was given to show me the Bolognese beauties, among whom Marchesa Paleotti bore the palm, and I took greater pleasure in her conversation than in St. Catherine's mummy, which is shown as a

local miracle. I was also taken to a convent, where all the old nuns had great beards, and looked like the husbands of the young ones: the whole effect was most grotesque. I left Bologna with much regret, being quite charmed with its courtesy.

At Chiozza[1] I embarked for Venice, and the Duke, having posted from Rome, arrived a few days later. The carnival was very enjoyable, on account of its operas and masques and the freedom with which we were able to walk about, unremarked during the day, and play cards at the assembly in the evenings. Finding the cold more penetrating here than in Germany, I went about like a noble Venetian, wrapped in a furred robe.

Before the end of the carnival at Venice the Duke wished to enjoy it at Milan, also expecting to find Mme. Colonna there, who, however, failed to make her appearance. That we might travel more quickly,

[1] Chioggia.

the nobility of Vicenza and Verona lent us relays of horses. Reaching Vicenza *incognito*, we took a fancy to walk through the town and visit the nuns, and that we might see them all at once the nobility had the great gates of the convent thrown open. At the sight of so many visitors the poor creatures were beside themselves with joy. Never did I see holy women in such a state of excitement.

We had sent one half of my ladies on to Milan, and the Duke said to me: 'Let the others follow as they please; you and I will take post if you like.' I was charmed with the idea, and, dressed in a long tight coat and a wig, I got into a vetturino, while the Duke, Count Monalbano, and a valet named Michel, rode. By good fortune I reached Milan unobserved, for I was in terror of being seen in this get-up by the ladies, who, with all the nobility, had arranged to give me a State reception.

Next day, my arrival being made known,

all the ladies came to see me. Not feeling well, I received them with a fainting fit, at which they were terribly distressed. They undressed me and put me to bed, with many expressions of tenderness, such as 'Cara gioia, cara cosa, Angela!' in fact, with all the pet names their language can command. Countess Ippolita Visconti always headed the detachment of ladies who mounted guard over me at Milan. I may say with truth that for a fortnight they kept me dancing without respite day and night, till I was so exhausted that I could do no more, and truly my obliging docility in the matter deserved praise. The Countess St. George charmed me by jumping in the most graceful manner when she danced. What would have been awkward in other women was charming in her. She arranged a little ballet in my honour, in which her agility far surpassed that of her brother-in-law. So much is dancing the prevailing custom of this place, that even the clergy

take part in it, and I was pleased to see the young Abbé Grevelli perform the Spanish Pavana[1] with Donna Helena Figarola.

On leaving Milan we were escorted to the gates by all the nobility, attended by a tremendous concourse of followers. The Duke and I then began a most fatiguing journey, returning to Germany through the Swiss cantons and across St. Gothard. I travelled with Mme. de Harling in a litter, but the towering mountains on one side and the frightful precipices on the other were so alarming that we often got out and walked. There were places where we had to be dragged along on nasty sledges by bullocks, and we crossed a bridge which the peasants believe to have been built by the devil.[2] At last we reached Basle, where, after at first thinking that I was alone in my room, I perceived to my great astonishment a swarm of children under the stove,

[1] Pavana or Paduana, a stately Spanish dance.

[2] Teufelsbrücke-Reusz Valley.

which was surrounded by a balustrade. From Basle we sailed down the Rhine to Sels in the Palatinate, and thence to Gemersheim, where Baron de Bonstett, the husband of my good Carray, was high bailiff; it gave me great joy to see her again and to talk to her. From Gemersheim we proceeded to Heidelberg, where a report reached us that Duke Christian Louis, my husband's eldest brother, was dead. This news hastened our journey, and, as at Frankfort it was confirmed, my husband hurried on by post to Hanover, while I proceeded by easy stages to Ibourg. On reaching Paderborn I heard that Duke John Frederick, profiting by the absence of both his brothers, had seized on the territory of Duke Christian Louis. The bad treatment which he had received at Rome from the Pope was the cause of his premature return; but for that he would neither have left us on the way nor reached home before us. So great, moreover, had been

the apathy of the Duke of Hanover, that, notwithstanding repeated letters informing him of his brother's danger and desire to see him before his death, he still stayed on in Holland with his beautiful d'Olbreuse. The only excuse he had to offer for such extraordinary conduct was in my opinion both foolish and cruel, viz. a fear lest his brother might recommend to his care some servants whom he disliked. This ill-timed caution cost him dear, as the world severely censured his conduct, while Duke John Frederick was praised as a shrewd, clever man, as though he had long premeditated this blow, while in reality he had but taken opportunity by the forelock.

My husband was met on his approach to Hanover by Hammerstein, who gave him an exact account of all that had taken place, and tried hard to persuade him to retrace his steps and remain neutral between the two brothers. Such advice was little suited to the Duke's generous nature.

He accordingly gave Hammerstein to understand that he would risk all rather than desert a brother to whom he owed so much in his hour of need, especially when right was on his side; for, by the will of Duke George, their father, which was considered to be a fundamental family law, it was ordained that the eldest brother was to choose between Zell and Hanover, and Zell being the better share, the choice was an easy one.

The Duke accordingly went on to Hanover, where he found his brother in a state of utter consternation, the tears standing in his eyes. My husband not only reassured him with advice, but also raised troops to support his claim. Duke John Frederick, who at the first blush of good fortune had grown very proud, began to reflect that a civil war would utterly ruin the country, while the interference of friends on either side would be as bad, so he talked of compromise, declaring himself willing to abide

by the terms of their father's will, that gave the choice to the eldest if the further directions of the said will, ordaining the shares to be made equal, were also observed. He demanded a readjustment of the shares, after which his elder brother might choose between them. By the assistance of Count Waldeck[1] this compromise was effected, and the shares having been readjusted the Duke of Hanover took Zell, John Frederick became Duke of Hanover, while my husband received the county of Dipholz to indemnify him for the expenses of the arrangement.

[1] G. F. von Waldeck.

CHAPTER VII.

ELEONORE D'OLBREUSE—DUKE GEORGE WILLIAM'S MARRIAGE COMPACT—TITLE OF MME. DE HARBURG BESTOWED ON MLLE. D'OLBREUSE—LETTER OF MME. DE HARBURG TO M. GENEBAT—BIRTH OF MME. DE HARBURG'S DAUGHTER AND OF SOPHIA'S TWIN SONS—DANISH COURT AT GLÜCKSTADT—BIRTH OF DAUGHTER—BIRTH OF SON CHARLES—CHANCELLOR SCHÜTZ—QUEEN OF DENMARK AND MME. DE HARBURG—ESCORTS PRINCESS OF DENMARK TO HEIDELBERG—CASSEL—JOURNEY—BIRTH OF SON CHRISTIAN—MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS WILHELMINE—MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH TO DUKE OF ORLEANS—'WIRTHSCHAFT' AT HEIDELBERG—RETURN HOME.

THE Duke, who was laid up with fever at Osen, having sent for me, the Duke of Zell came also, for the friendship between the two brothers seemed to be closer than ever. The Duke of Zell was never tired of caressing my two sons, and declaring that all he had in the world should go to them and to their father. For all that, he often visited

Mlle. La Motthe, who was a great friend of Mlle. d'Olbreuse, to whom he had been so devoted in Holland. The Duke informed Mlle. La Motthe that the Princess of Tarentum had gone to France, leaving this young lady (Mlle. d'Olbreuse) and her companion, Mlle. (Susanne de la Chevalerie) de la Manselière, all alone at Bois-le-Duc, where they anxiously awaited my arrival. He repeated this story to the Duke, and persuaded him to desire me, immediately on returning to Ibourg, to send Mlle. La Motthe with a carriage and six horses to fetch the two damsels from Bois-le-Duc. The Duke, knowing that his brother was devoted to one of these ladies, and being anxious in every way to please him, consented, while I was only too happy to provide him with any amusement that served to turn his thoughts from myself. Accordingly, on my arrival at Ibourg Mlle. La Motthe set off for Bois-le-Duc.

Mlle. d'Olbreuse had been described to

me as gay and giddy; beating one and pinching another were the charms which she employed to please, with such effect indeed at Cassel that she succeeded in utterly estranging the Elector from his wife. I found, however, the very reverse of this description. She was grave and dignified in manner. Her face was beautiful, her figure tall and commanding. She spoke little, but expressed herself well. Altogether she pleased me extremely. The Duke, who was with his brother at Hanover when she arrived, wrote, urgently entreating me, for reasons which he would mention when we met, to give her as cordial a welcome as possible. I found no difficulty in obeying his directions, for the young lady won my regard. So, in accordance with my husband's wishes, I believed her to be what she appeared, and put aside as idle tales all that I had heard against her, even down to the tricks which she had played on her companions, of

which poor Mlle. de la Manselière, from personal experience, had a goodly list.

On my husband's arrival at Ibourg with the Duke of Zell I at once perceived the understanding that existed between the latter and Mlle. d'Olbreuse, and how determined she seemed to lead him on. She kept him well in hand, impressing on him at once the warmth of her supposed affection for him and the strict propriety of her conduct. My husband told the Duke, who was enlarging to him on her beauty and goodness, that, judging by what Mlle. La Motthe had said, he was of opinion that the young lady meant to marry him (the Duke of Zell). The Duke replied: 'If that is what she wants, she may return whence she came, for I will never commit such an act of folly.' He then asked my husband to help in gaining her consent to some agreement for life with him.

The funeral[1] of the late Duke Christian

[1] Nov. 11, 1665.

Louis took us all just then to Zell. Mlle. d'Olbreuse went also among my ladies, and the Duke of Zell's attentions to her becoming daily more marked, the matter was finally concluded by an anti-contract of marriage, in which the Duke pledged himself for ever to her, settling on her 2,000 crowns during his life and 6,000 after his death. This instrument was drawn up by Mlle. La Motthe instead of a lawyer, and signed by the Duke of Zell, Mlle. d'Olbreuse, the Duke, and myself.

Hoping to touch the Duke, the lady began to weep, saying that, had she married a simple gentleman, she would at least have borne the title of Madame, and ended by entreating to be called Duchess of Zell. To this the Duke and I strongly objected, and the Dowager-Duchess of Zell was highly indignant at the idea of her title being bestowed on a private gentlewoman. The Duke of Zell settled the matter to our great satisfaction by giving the lady the choice

between two names—d'Hoya and de Harburg. She chose the latter, and was called Mme. de Harburg for more than ten years entirely to her own satisfaction, if one may judge by her letters, among which was the following to one M. Genebat :—

Zell : March 14, 1666.

I regret, Monsieur, that being better able now than in past times to be of use to you, I have received from you no opportunity of proving by some considerable service that I am as constant in friendship as yourself; for I well know that you have fought a hundred times for me and have on every occasion taken my part. Know, then, that I feel all due gratitude, and only desire an opportunity of showing it. You need not thank me, because the tapestry worker, whom you so strongly recommended, is now in the Duke's service, for his good work is its own recommendation ; but even were it not so, for your sake I should declare all the same that he did wonders, for rest assured that I would neglect no opportunity of serving you. Many thanks for having taken up my case as you have done ; I can always be sure of winning any suit that you plead for me. I was confident that you would approve of my marriage, and, for me, that sufficed ; for in such a matter the approbation of a person like yourself is sufficient.

Though it will be said that I have dispensed with standing in a church before a priest, I can feel no regret, because I am the happiest of women, and it is good faith only that makes marriage. The Duke has plighted his troth to me before his whole family, who also signed the contract in which he binds himself to take no wife but me, to maintain me as a princess, with an allowance of two thousand crowns a year and a settlement, as dowry after his death, either of an estate worth five or six thousand crowns a year, or its value in money, which his brother and heir promises to pay, so that I can enjoy it where I please, for I would not then stay in Germany. The Duke has done so much besides for me that I am in a position to make head against my enemies were it necessary. I, however, think only of pleasing my Duke. You would like to see our home, which is the happiest in the world; your own is not to be compared with it. Hasten to come and see it, and lose no time in sending off the letter you have written to me, as I prefer your writings to Voiture's. Tell me, also, what you said on hearing that Mlle. la Manselière was no longer with the Princess of Tarentum. Never was anyone so surprised as she on hearing from Bois-le-Duc that she was not wanted, as she had counted on returning to her. Adieu, Monsieur. Let me hear from you sometimes, and believe me your very humble servant,

D'OLBREUSE, LADY OF HARBURG.

This letter proved that the lady was well pleased with her lot, which was indeed brilliant for a person of her birth. The Duke, my husband, for his brother's sake, treated her with marked distinction, while she, to maintain herself in her Duke's good graces, behaved to us with all due deference, for at this period her influence had not exceeded all bounds.

In September 1666 a daughter was born to Mme. de Harburg,[1] and three months later twin sons to me, of whom the younger was born dead, and would, it was thought, soon be followed by me. The living child was called Maximilian William after the Electors of Cologne[2] and Brandenburg.[3] The twins were born at Osnabrück, where the Duke, contrary to episcopal custom, had placed a garrison, for the

[1] Sophia Dorothea, afterwards called Princess of Ahlden; married George I. of England.

[2] Maximilian Henry, 1650–1688.

[3] Frederick William, 1640–1688.

Bishop of Münster[1] having taken up arms against Holland, whose allies the Dukes were, Ibourg was not safe for us.

The devotion of the two brothers was then so great that they were quite inseparable, and neither would do anything without the other. To enjoy his brother's society, my husband used to spend the winters at Lüneburg, where acting, cards, balls, and fêtes served in turn to divert us.

We began, however, to remark that the influence of Mme. de Harburg over the Duke of Zell was much increased, and her statements, which had at no time been very trustworthy, were all implicitly believed by him. We deplored his credulity, but the world only laughed at it. She led him to believe that she came of a wealthy and highly connected family, and had been the companion, not the attendant, of the Princess of Tarentum.

[1] Christoph Bernhard von Galen, 1650–1678.

At this time the King of Denmark,[1] with his Queen (Sophie Amalie), who was sister to the Dukes, came to Glückstadt, where they invited us to visit them. We went accordingly, and were welcomed most graciously by the Queen, who came out to meet us, herself conducted me to my room, and then to her own ante-chamber, where I paid my respects to the King. This prince, who was tall and well made, expressed himself rather by looks than words. He was always pleased to be addressed first, but infinitely preferred cards to conversation. On the first evening the Queen begged us to sup privately in our own rooms, because her son-in-law, the Electoral Prince of Saxony (John George III.) would not hear of coming to any agreement about rank with the Duke. After supper we met this prince in the Queen's room, together with his wife (Anna Sophie of Denmark) and her sisters, the

[1] Frederick III. 1648–1670.

Princesses Emilie and Wilhelmine Ernestine, whom I greatly admired, especially the latter. As my nephew, the Prince Palatine (Charles), was of an age to marry, the idea occurred to me that this Princess would be well suited for so good a position were he fortunate enough to obtain her. Thus I may fairly say that I was the first to plan this marriage.

So graciously was the Queen disposed that she herself drew lots with us for the order in which we should sit at dinner with the King. The company that enjoyed this honour consisted of the Prince and Princess Royal,[1] the two Princesses, a Duke and Duchess Ernst Günther of Holstein,[2] and ourselves, and often did her Majesty find herself last on the list: the King, however, always sat at the head of the table. The Duke of Zell, who arrived a few days after us, could not refrain from reproaching the

[1] Afterwards Christian V. 1670–1699.

[2] Founder of the Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg line.

Queen his sister for having, as he thought, sided with John Frederick against him. She received his reproaches with the utmost gentleness as proofs of affection, and did her utmost to bring him to a better opinion of her. We left this court highly delighted with it, but much grieved at having to part with the Queen, whose goodness and kindness won every heart.

On October 12, to my great joy, having already three sons, a daughter was born to me. Later, my husband, who was much attached to his sister the Queen, wished to please her by arranging the marriage between my nephew, the Prince Palatine, and her daughter, Princess Wilhelmine, and for this purpose he persuaded me to accompany him to the Palatinate. The Elector, gay and cheerful as ever, met us near Heidelberg with his son and daughter and all his court. My niece embraced me again and again, expressing the greatest joy at seeing me once more, and reminding me of the

happy time which we spent together.[1] My nephew was much obliged for our proposal to marry him to the daughter of a king, still more so when he saw her portrait, which he greatly admired. As the Elector was too prudent to give an immediate answer, we merely laid the matter before him, and sailing down the Rhine returned home by Holland. On our arrival the Duke sent Hammerstein to Denmark to draw out the marriage contract, promising for me that I would conduct the Princess to Heidelberg.

Meanwhile my son Charles was born,[2] and I little expected that the marriage settlements would be so long in making that I should not be called on to keep my promise until the birth of another child. Yet that is what actually happened.

The Electoral Prince, wishing to see his future bride, came to Osnabrück while the

[1] In spring, 1659, Elizabeth Charlotte was entrusted by her father to Sophia's care for her education.

[2] October 13, 1669.

Duke was at the siege of Brunswick.[1] At the same time, as I have good cause to remember, from the many troubles that he occasioned in our family, a certain councillor named Schütz[2] entered the Duke of Zell's service. This man was indefatigable indeed, but dishonest and unscrupulous in business; imperious also to such a degree that he aspired to undisputed sway over the will of his master, whom he at once perceived to be incapable of acting on his own responsibility. Meeting with an obstacle to his supremacy over the Duke of Zell in the influence of my husband, he saw that, to gain his point, he must sow dissension between the brothers, and a suitable opportunity for playing this game soon presented itself.

Duke Anton Ulrich of Wolfenbüttel, then a cadet, poor and in debt, asked the daughter of Mme. de Harburg in marriage for his eldest son (August Friedrich),

[1] June 1671.

[2] Johann-Helwig Sinold became Chancellor of Zell 1670.

a fine young prince, hoping with her money to adjust his affairs. The Duke of Zell, fearing that his daughter might be slighted were she to enter this family without any acknowledged rank, spoke of asking the Emperor to legitimise her. The chancellor secretly hinted that the point could be gained by simply marrying the mother; the Duke, however, stood firm, and contented himself with arranging with my husband that the Emperor should make her so far legitimate as to enable her to bear the arms of any great house which she might enter, without the bar sinister. With this the chancellor also was for the time contented, having appropriated half of the 16,000 crowns which he made his master believe that the deed had cost. My husband, as next heir, settled on this daughter all the great wealth that her father had bestowed on her, and believed that he had so far assured her position that she had every prospect of happiness. The Duke of Zell

also seemed quite satisfied with these arrangements, and intended, as we believed, always to remain so.

At this time we went to Altona, where the Queen of Denmark desired to hand over her daughter, Princess Wilhelmine, to my charge for the journey to Heidelberg. The Duke of Zell was anxious to present Mme. de Harburg to the Queen, who at first made some difficulty about receiving her. My husband, however, to please his brother, used such persuasion that her Majesty consented to the interview. Mme. de Harburg accordingly came to Altona. She saluted the Queen, who did not kiss her, but invited her to dinner. Piqued by this reception, the lady, to revenge herself, made sarcastic remarks on the bad fare supplied at the Queen's table. Her mind was too base to comprehend that the gods of the earth are sustained by higher things than ragouts, and that food, to them, is merely the means of existence. She returned before

us to Harburg with the Duke of Zell, who wished to escort Princess Wilhelmine himself through his own territory. He gave her an excellent reception at Harburg, and then took us by Lüneburg and Ebselorf to Zell, where we rested for a day. The Duke of Zell, my husband, and I, travelled with the Princess in one carriage, while Mme. de Harburg followed in another with M. Verjus, the French envoy, and some ladies. She confided to the Princess and other persons that the Duke would marry her were she to have a son. During this journey the chancellor dared to propose to my husband the marriage of his brother to this lady, in order to assure the position of their daughter. My husband succeeded in parrying the blow for the present, but was distressed to note the instability of his brother's resolutions.

We continued our journey to Hanover, and, as it was late when we entered the town, Duke John Frederick had the streets all lighted up, which produced a good effect.

His Duchess was awaiting the birth of her child. She wished for a son, while I wanted to have a daughter. Providence, however, had disposed otherwise of Hanover.

Passing through Cassel, we saw neither the Landgravine, then regent, nor her eldest son, who was ill of smallpox at Berlin; two younger brothers, however, did the honours. On entering the castle yard we saw the Electress Palatine standing, with her sister Princess Elizabeth of Hesse, at the foot of the staircase to receive us. The Electress overwhelmed me with caresses, but feeling offended that her daughter-in-law spoke so little to her, and being naturally suspicious, she believed that I had caused this coldness, though really taciturnity is a characteristic of the Denmark family. The young Princess was not wanting in intelligence, and could be most agreeable to persons with whom she was intimate. She shone in private, though apt to appear rather dull in public, as she had never been taught how to entertain company.

I, having felt very ill in Cassel, left it in a litter. To avoid the jolting of the pavement and the crowd that followed the Princess, I was taken by a cross road, on which the artillerymen, not expecting any one to pass, had planted their artillery, which they fired at the Princess's departure. The balls fell thick and fast round my litter, terrifying and putting to flight our Italian band, but I, not being destined to die like Turenne (of a cannon-shot), escaped unhurt. The Landgravine (of Cassel) paid our way all through her territory, and the Landgrave (of Darmstadt) did the same, with a show of even greater ceremony and magnificence. At Frankfurt my husband took all expense upon himself, and entertained the Princess and her train sumptuously for three days.

Leaving Frankfurt we passed through the territory of the Elector of Mainz, where we were also welcomed and entertained, and so on to Darmstadt. The Landgrave, son of my old friend, had for

his second wife a princess of Saxe-Gotha. He received us in state outside the city, and we saw a great change for the better in his court, both as to order and cleanliness. Still we were kept for five hours at table, and even that was thought little enough, for the Landgravine's ladies said to ours: 'Surely your duchess must have been ill, as we rose so soon from table.' The music during our repast seemed to me most extraordinary, consisting of bells, such as are used in Holland for marking the hours by playing various airs. We were told that this was the Landgrave's favourite music. The next day we sat again very long at table, and on the third day set out for the Palatinate.

The young Prince, wishful to show his impatience, came out to meet us *incognito*. Count Löwenstein welcomed the Princess in the Elector's name, and we slept at Weinheim, which is but nine miles from Heidelberg. As all was not ready for the entry

into Heidelberg, the Elector begged the Princess to rest for three days.

These three days were too much for me, and feeling extremely ill, I determined to take Mme. de Harling with me and make for Heidelberg with all speed. The young Princess saw me depart with regret, for, knowing no one else, she felt bewildered without me. However, I reached Heidelberg all right, talked for an hour with the Elector before supper, and went to bed. The next morning, at ten o'clock, my son Christian was born,[1] who was called after the King of Denmark.

The Elector, who had heard nothing, sent to ask when I would be ready to go with him to receive the Princess. I replied that I was otherwise engaged, on which he at once came to offer his congratulations.

He then went to receive the Princess, and the marriage was celebrated[2] with a magnificence which did not in any way

[1] Sept. 29, 1671. [2] Sept. 30, 1671.

affect me. When it was over my husband went to Venice, and the young Princess and the Elector begged me to stay with them at Mannheim till his return.

Before my husband's departure the Elector confided to us the plan of a marriage which was talked of between his daughter and the Duke of Orleans.[1] My husband did his utmost to induce the Princess, who had some scruples about religion, to consent to this marriage, for, loving and esteeming her as he did, he was most anxious that she should not lose such a chance of happiness.

After the Duke's departure the Elector had a letter from our sister-in-law, the Princess Palatine,[2] in which she fixed the time for her visit to Strasburg, where the Elector, his daughter, and I were to meet her. We went accordingly, and so well did the Princess Palatine manage matters, that

[1] Philip, brother to Louis XIV.

[2] Anne de Gonzague, or Gonzaga, widow of Prince Edward, died 1663.

the marriage was fixed and settled, and the contract signed for the King of France and the Duke by the Marquis de Bethune, who solemnly declared before us all to the Elector that no pressure should be put on his daughter's conscience.[1] The Elector, therefore, had every reason to be pleased with the match, though, as time proved, he gained nothing by it. Being tenderly attached to his children he felt keenly the parting with his daughter, while her tears proved how warm was her affection for him. Never was there so touching a farewell. When the young Princess had gone with Mme. la Palatine, we returned to Mannheim, where the winter passed as tolerably as was possible for me in the Duke's absence; for, besides the enjoyment of the Elector's lively and clever conversation, I had the

[1] The Duchess of Orleans's own account is: 'Lors de mon arrivée en France on m'a fait tenir des conférences sur la religion avec trois évêques. Ils différaient tous trois dans leurs croyances: je pris la quintessence de leurs opinions et m'en formai ma religion.'

society of the young Princess, whom I so tenderly loved that we were inseparable during my stay in Mannheim. Towards the spring my husband returned to Heidelberg, when we had a 'wirthschaft,' in which 'King Content' was represented by a straw figure half man half woman, to signify that there can be no perfect satisfaction where there is sensibility. This king was carried about in procession, followed by his court of all nations and all the gods and goddesses of mythology. We had drawn lots for characters, and each represented what chance sent. The young Princess was Minerva and I was Night. After this performance was over the Duke and I returned to Osnabrück.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DUKES OF WOLFENBÜTTEL—ELEVATION OF MME. DE HARBURG—CONDITIONS DEMANDED BY ERNEST AUGUSTUS—BATTLE—LETTER OF ERNEST AUGUSTUS—QUARREL OF SOPHIA WITH MME. DE HARBURG—SOPHIA WRITES TO DUKE GEORGE WILLIAM—GEORGE WILLIAM ANSWERS—MARRIAGE OF GEORGE WILLIAM—QUARREL BETWEEN THE BROTHERS—DUCHESS OF ORLEANS ON GEORGE WILLIAM'S MARRIAGE—MEDIATION OF FRIENDS—JOURNEY TO FRANCE—LEYDEN TO MONS—VALENCIENNES TO ESTRÉES-ST. DENIS—LIANCOURT.

On the approach of winter the Duke of Zell invited us to spend that cold season with him, telling us that the Princess of East Friesland was also to be of the party. In her agreeable society we passed the time very pleasantly. I saw also that the Duke of Zell's devotion to me had subsided into a sincere friendship, and took the opportunity to complain to him that Mme. de Harburg had told the young Princess that

he would marry her were she to have a son. He was extremely angry, declaring that he would do nothing of the kind, and offering to reprove her severely for her folly before me. I, however, earnestly entreated him to keep the matter quiet, as his assurances were ample satisfaction.

Meanwhile it transpired at Wolfenbüttel that Duke Anton Ulrich intended marrying his son to Mme. de Harburg's daughter. Great was the indignation of the reigning duke, who had conferred many benefits on his brother, with the idea that the young prince was to marry one of his own daughters, and who considered it disgraceful that the daughter of Mme. de Harburg should be preferred to a princess of his own house.[1] Duke Anton found himself in an awkward dilemma, but his desire for a rich daughter-in-law prevailed over the regard for family honour to which his

[1] Duke August Rudolf of Wolfenbüttel had three daughters—Dorothea Sophie, Christine Sophie, Sophie Eleonore.

brother appealed, by pointing out the disgrace which their house would incur by the admittance of an illegitimate daughter. Seeking a remedy, Duke Anton Ulrich thought that he could not do better than apply to Chancellor Schütz for some expedient, and the chancellor, desiring nothing so much as a chance of setting the brothers at variance, advised his master openly to marry Mme. de Harburg in order to assure his daughter's position, assuring him that he could do so without prejudice to his brother's claims.

The Duke of Zell listened with pleasure to this proposition, and allowing himself to be thoroughly persuaded that it could be carried out without injury to the Duke and his children, he made no difficulty about yielding. The chancellor's delight was unbounded, for he well knew that any opposition on my husband's part would bring upon him the hatred of his brother and Mme. de Harburg, while, if he yielded, he

(the chancellor) would have it in his power to do him still further injury.

By the chancellor's desire the Duke of Zell sent Hammerstein to lay this proposal before my husband, and Hammerstein accordingly employed all his eloquence in trying to obtain the Duke's consent to the marriage of his brother 'ad morganaticam,' *i.e.* that the children should inherit neither the rank nor the possessions of their father. He further assured the Duke that Mme. de Harburg was only to become Countess of Wilhelmsburg, and her children counts and countesses of the same place, also that the Duke of Zell was willing to give his brother *carte blanche* as to the means of assuring the succession to his family. The Duke did not at all relish this proposal, either for himself or for his brother, whose weakness he deeply deplored; seeing him, however, so infatuated as to desire this fine marriage, and believing that his folly unrestrained might

go any lengths, he thought it better to consent and take security for the succession, than suffer his brother to commit this act of folly, and yet derive no advantage for ourselves. My husband therefore replied to Hammerstein that, if the matter could be arranged without injury to himself, he would consent. Hammerstein spoke also to me from the Duke of Zell on the same subject, and I, being informed beforehand of all, made the same reply. Hammerstein, on receiving it, assured me that the Duke's chances of the succession would be secured by such a conditional marriage, termed in law 'ad morganaticam,' because all fear would be removed of the Duke of Zell's making another and more regular marriage. I yielded to his arguments, and thereby so gratified the Duke of Zell that he obliged Mme. de Harburg to write and thank me for deciding in her favour. I saw quite well that he had positively ordered her to do so, but that she had

obeyed with a bad grace and against her will. With tears in her eyes she assured my husband that she had too much regard for him to wish for any change in her own condition, and only desired the marriage for her daughter's sake. Duke Anton Ulrich said the same thing to me from her, adding on his own part a request that I would say to everyone that she had been married from the first. Not being in the habit of telling untruths, I declined to do so. Meanwhile my husband employed those of his councillors who were learned in the law to draw up certain provisions for securing the succession to himself, the greater number of which provisions were to be executed before the marriage. The chief points were that Mme. de Harburg should be Countess of Wilhelmsburg only, and her children no more than counts and countesses of the same place; that the Diet, ministers, and army of the country should declare in writing that, after the

death of the Duke of Zell, they would acknowledge no other successor than Duke Ernest Augustus; that if there were any likelihood of Mme. de Harburg's having other children, all the subjects should take the oath of allegiance to Ernest Augustus; that all princes of his house should promise to maintain his rights; and finally, that the Emperor should confirm all these articles and issue an order forbidding the Chamber of Spires ever to receive or admit any lawsuit on the subject.

While these articles were being forwarded to the Emperor, the Dukes proceeded with their troops to the Moselle, where, by the courage and generalship of my husband, they gained the famous battle against the Maréchal de Créqui. This battle having made so much noise in its day, I may spare myself the recital of its details, and will merely insert the letter written to me by my husband on the occasion:—

Field of Battle: August 11, 1675.

This is to inform you that we have to-day gained the most complete victory possible. We have entirely defeated M. de Créqui, crossing the river before his eyes and attacking him in his camp, from which, however, he sallied and acted with considerable vigour. All my men performed prodigies of valour, and I may venture to say that the day was gained by Offelen's regiment. Old Lt.-Col. Hulsen and Hammerstein were perfect heroes. Hacke also did very well with his regiment, but his brother has been killed. Vogt has three or four wounds, and Ranzo is also severely wounded. What is still worse, Hindersen is so seriously wounded that he can hardly recover. Weihe has a wound in the thigh. Bragelonne is well, and my guards, who formed a squadron with those of my brother, did wonders. My company of Dragoon Guards has suffered severely, and poor Brandstein is missing. It is known that he was badly wounded, but as his body has not been found no one can tell if he has been killed or taken prisoner. Molte is mortally wounded, and Colonel Offen, who had but two squadrons, distinguished himself and is unhurt. Ferquen, with his little regiment, which, according to the Duke of Holstein, was so much despised, did very well. I could not see him myself, as he was at a distance from me. Beauregard did very well, as did Malortie and Melville, though the squadron of

the latter was routed. Haxthausen, who is badly wounded in the leg, was deserted by his men. Your Benjamin [this was my husband's name for our eldest son] never quitted my side, and I may say that he is a son worthy of his mother. We had to meet a pretty sharp fire of musketry. Finally, never was there so complete a victory. We have taken all the baggage, quantities of flags and colours, and, with the exception of M. de Créqui, all the generals and the cannon, as well as their camp, which we now occupy. Of my servants I have lost but one groom and a horse, that were blown up by a barrel of the enemy's powder, which took fire. Borg was with the baggage with his own regiment and a squadron of Offen and one of Hizfeld; they were all posted where they could do nothing of importance. This is very glorious, and I am sure that in future the Osnabrück men will be held in considerable respect. My son John (' cest Bouche ') is well, but had his best horse killed under him. In a word, I am delighted with my own men, and have seen that all warriors are not heroes, &c.

I was so rejoiced with this news that I at once communicated it to Mme. de Harburg, pointing out to her that all the Osnabrück men had fought well, but not so those of Zell, by whose misconduct Melville and Haxthausen had been wounded. I said

also that I hoped that this victory would content my husband, and that it might not happen to him in war as at basset, to win first and lose afterwards.

This malicious person, who was unable to conceal her venom on the occasion, misconstrued my letter to mean that I attributed the whole glory of the day to my husband, whose good fortune she envied, just because I did not mention her Duke, news of whom she ought to have sent to me. She tried to raise a quarrel, and said some very irritating things in her answer. To anticipate the mischief that she might make between the Duke of Zell and myself, I sent her letter to him, and he ordered her to ask my pardon in these terms: that if she had been so unfortunate as to write anything that displeased me she deeply regretted doing so. As, however, she had misunderstood one of my letters, I wrote no more to her, so as to avoid future complications.

In addition to this victory, the Dukes and their allies took the town of Trèves and made M. de Créqui prisoner.[1] Meanwhile the Bishop of Münster, whom they mistrusted, made some conquests in Bremen, which brought the Dukes home to look after their own interests.

They both came to Osnabrück, and I was truly rejoiced to see them back again. The Duke of Zell left us the night after his arrival, and my husband followed him a few days afterwards to Harburg, where the Duke of Zell surprised him greatly by saying, 'I think I might have my marriage now.' My husband, fearing to bring on himself one of the fits of rudeness to which the Duke of Zell was often subject, made no opposition at the time, but sent afterwards to say that he hoped that all the promises made would, as had been agreed, be carried out before the marriage was celebrated. This, to Mme. de Harburg's

[1] Sept. 4, 1675.

great indignation, stopped the marriage. Duke Anton Ulrich also greatly annoyed my husband by requesting, at the chancellor's instigation, the title of Princess for Mme. de Harburg. This my husband flatly refused, and came back to Osnabrück in a very bad humour, whence he started on a tour in Holland, partly on business and partly in order to divert his mind.

Meanwhile it was on all sides reported that Mme. de Harburg was to become a princess, and this determined me to write to the Duke of Zell, reminding him of his promises to my children regarding the succession, and objecting to his intention of giving the title of Princess to Mme. de Harburg, as prejudicial to their interests.

The Duke of Zell answered, confirming his promise of the succession to my offspring, and declaring that Mme. de Harburg's children should rank only as counts, and should in no case inherit the Duchy, adding that, as this arrangement had been

confirmed by the Emperor, it could not be set aside.

The Duke's answer proved that he was thoroughly sincere in his intention to do what was right, and that Duke Anton Ulrich and the chancellor would never have succeeded in inducing him to act against his brother's interests had they not made him believe that he was not doing so.

By his direction the Diet, army, and Council gave a written assurance that on the Duke of Zell's death they would have no other successors than Duke Ernest Augustus and his descendants. The Emperor also confirmed the other articles, which the Duke of Zell, acting under the chancellor's influence, observed very badly; for no sooner had the marriage been privately celebrated, and witnessed only by Duke Anton Ulrich, madame his wife, and the chancellor, than the said Duke went about hinting that the Duke of Zell would be pleased to see his wife receive the honours

of a duchess. He managed also that she and her daughter should be publicly prayed for in the churches, as is usual for a duchess and a princess. Gersdorf, also, the imperial envoy, was the first to compliment this new-made duchess with the title of 'Highness.' The Duke, hearing what was going on at Zell, wrote complaining to his brother and expressing his surprise that promises so solemnly made should so lightly be forgotten. The Duke of Zell replied that it was not he who had addressed his wife as 'Duchess,' nor was it in his power to prevent others from doing so. This I considered a very poor excuse.

A report reached us of the probability of Mme. de Harburg's having a son, on hearing which my husband immediately demanded that the subjects, according to the agreement made with his brother, should take the oath of fidelity to him.

This demand, however, the chancellor, under various frivolous pretexts, managed

to evade. He also played another of his cunning tricks by stealing from the imperial chancery the Emperor's order forbidding the Chamber of Spires to receive any law-suit disputing my husband's right to the succession. My husband plainly perceived what was this man's intention should Mme. de Harburg have a son. Providence, indeed, disconcerted his plans by sending a dead daughter to Mme. de Harburg, but still he had succeeded in thoroughly estranging the brothers.

The chancellor, moreover, persuaded his master that it was purely from obstinacy that my husband refused the title of Duchess to his wife, and that in making such a difficulty about a mere title he showed small affection and consideration for his elder brother. It was, nevertheless, a vital point, and one which the Duke could not yield without himself annulling all that the Emperor had confirmed ; for had he yielded this point in direct contradiction to the

agreement, the results would probably have been fatal to our interests.

However, the Duke of Zell would no longer listen to reason, as he was completely in the leading-strings of his wife and the chancellor, who daily embittered him more and more against us.

When this fine marriage between the Duke of Zell and Mme. de Harburg became known, those who had formerly esteemed the Duke refused to believe it. The Duchess of Orleans wrote that she could not refrain from telling me that Mme. de Harburg had written to tell friends in France that she was married to the Duke of Zell and hoped soon to present him with an heir. The Duchess of Orleans added that, though she knew this to be untrue, still she thought it only right to inform me, so that I might put a stop to reports so damaging to the Duke of Zell; for if this prince had ever meditated committing such a piece of folly, she was sure he would give

up the idea could he hear the derision which it excited at the French Court.

In replying to the Duchess I was unable to deny that the Duke had married Mme. de Harburg, but assured her that he was too faithful to his brother and too solicitous for the credit of his house, to act in a manner prejudicial to either; that he had given ample security for the succession to my husband; that Mme. de Harburg was to be merely Countess of Wilhelmsburg and her children counts and countesses of the same place. I told the truth as I thought, but time proved that I was unintentionally guilty of falsehood; for the Duke of Zell, by his own weakness, dispelled the favourable light in which I had represented his marriage.

The Duchess of Orleans expressed great joy on hearing that my husband had sustained no injury, and when next informed that Mme. de Harburg was a duchess she grew angry and repeated the contents of

my letter. This reached the ears of Mme. de Harburg, who, to put me completely on bad terms with the Duke of Zell, made him believe that I had held him up to ridicule in writing to the Duchess. The poor prince was deeply hurt, for it never struck him that his wife seldom told the truth.

Meanwhile some really or professedly well-meaning persons intervened to reconcile the two brothers, but the past could not be recalled, nor could my husband yield without gravely compromising his interests. A marriage was proposed between the Duke of Zell's daughter and our eldest son, but my husband considered it such a *mésalliance* for our son that he resolved to consent only in case of its seeming likely to prove so advantageous as completely to establish our rights against any future machinations of his enemies should Mme. de Harburg have a son. He therefore demanded two fortresses and 100,000 crowns a year, and spread out the negotiations without coming

to any conclusion. The Duchess of Mecklenburg[1] also interested herself in the matter; but Mme. de Harburg, who had become very proud, insulted this lady by remarking that the warm interest which she took in the Duke's affairs proved how devoted she was to him.

This beautiful duchess, who had come to Osnabrück *en route* for France, inspired me with the strongest possible desire to go there with her and visit the Duchess of Orleans and my sister the Abbess of Maubuisson,[2] whom I had not seen for thirty years, also my sister-in-law Mme. la Palatine, who had repeatedly written to express her desire to see me and to discuss a marriage between my eldest son and her granddaughter the Princess of Hanover.[3] To induce my husband to consent, Mme. de

[1] Isabelle Angelica de Montmorency, wife of Christian Louis I. of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

[2] Louise.

[3] Probably the eldest daughter of Duke John Frederick, Charlotte Felicitas, born 1671.

Mecklenburg proposed to take my daughter with us, for as the Dauphin was unmarried her beauty might obtain this alliance for us. All these reasons hardly sufficed to extort consent from the Duke to my journey, though I, for my part, required no such persuasion, being only too eager to set out.

The Duke kindly accompanied us to Amsterdam, where he took fever, and I refused to leave him in this state. Mme. de Mecklenburg, though by nature of an inactive temperament, was unremitting in her attendance on him. As soon as he recovered we set out.

I was attended only by Mme. de Harling [1] and my waiting women, for Mme. Sastost, who was to have gone with me also, fell ill and stayed at Amsterdam. As to gentlemen, I had M. de Harling, the Chevalier Sandis, and M. Rose. I had also a considerable

[1] Née von Offeln, wife of Fred. von Harling, Master of the Horse. This lady was governess to the Duchess Elizabeth Charlotte of Orleans and Sophie Charlotte, Queen of Prussia.

number of servants and three carriages, which altogether passed for a large suite in France. Old Mme. Withypol insisted on coming part of the way, to the great disgust of Mme. de Mecklenburg, who could not endure to see me bestow endearments on this good woman, whom age had made unattractive to her, though not to me, as in spite of her infirmities I had the greatest regard for her, remembering all her kindness to me in early days.

At Leyden Mr. Withypol landed, and we took in M. d'Avaux,[1] the French Ambassador, whose presence served to perfume the whole ship, for he was the pink of perfection, redolent of jasmine and a thousand other sweet scents. Mme. de Mecklenburg was charmed with him, and enjoyed his conversation as much as I did, so long as daylight lasted. At midnight, however, we all fell asleep. Mme. de Chavagnac, niece

[1] Who assisted Mary of Modena, wife of James II., to escape to France.

to Mme. de Mecklenburg, alone held out, endeavouring to rekindle an extinct flame which the ambassador had once felt for her; but the time was short and we were obliged to part from our pleasant companion and get into a large pinnace sent by the Prince of Orange to take us to Trois Fontaines, near Brussels, where carriages awaited us. In it we were quite happy until Mme. de Mecklenburg and her niece grew alarmed about a child belonging to the captain, who was said to be ill of smallpox; and although he was at once put on board the luggage boat, and every assurance given to us that he had not smallpox at all, he still remained the source of grave uneasiness to the two ladies, with whom beauty is the end and aim of life. After many exclamations at this disagreeable adventure we reached Anvers,[1] where it was forgotten in the pleasure of seeing so fine a town.

We then went on and spent the night

[1] Antwerp.

at Trois Fontaines, and proceeded next day to Hall,[1] where Mme. de Mecklenburg paid her devotions to the Virgin—for the preservation of her beauty I suppose. I contented myself with buying medals and rosaries for our Osnabrück nuns. Next day we dined at Soignies and slept at Mons. Having heard much of the beautiful 'chanoinesses' of this place, I went to church expressly to see them, but did not find them worthy of their fame. They asked me for money, but I only laughed and said they did not need it.

The next day we reached Valenciennes. M. Magalotti, the governor, was absent, but all the same they put me up in his rooms, which were extremely well kept and had a pretty garden adjoining. Next day I reached Cambray, where the governor, M. de Susane, hearing of my arrival, came to look for me at the inn, and found me in a church close to his own house. He

[1] Hal (?).

asked the honour of my company to dinner in so frank and hearty a manner that it was impossible to refuse. He lived in a fine but very dirty house; the dinner, however, was excellent, and I noticed that the French are as particular about good eating as are the Italians about clean dwellings. After dinner the magistrates presented me with some delicious preserves, and the Bishop,[1] who is a most agreeable person, paid me a visit and provided me with relays that took me on as far as Péronne that same day.

In the evening, as we approached this town, M. de Hottincourt, the governor, came out to meet me, and alighting from his horse at the carriage door said: 'M. de Hottincourt begs you to do him the honour of taking a little supper with him.' Having thus introduced himself he remounted and rode on before us. This speech left us in doubt if it were indeed he himself, for, owing to the darkness, Mme. de Mecklen-

[1] Jacobus Theodorus de Brias, 1675-1694.

burg failed to recognise him. He had cannon fired as we entered the town, and made us alight at his own house, where I thought he meant to put us up. Mme. de Hottincourt and her daughter gave us a most polite reception; but the supper was long in coming, and I felt more inclined to sleep than to eat. However, we had to go through it, and after it was over were most politely escorted by good little M. de Hottincourt to the inn. It was very evident that his wife ruled the roast, and ordered him about at her pleasure. She came next day to fetch us to dinner, and in the evening we went on to Roye.

The next day we dined at Estrées-St. Denis, and the inn being very dirty, a certain M. and Mme. de la Letterie lent us their house, which was hardly any better, to dine in. Their whole dwelling consisted of a kitchen and three rooms hung with Bergamo tapestry, which had assumed a uniformly dusty tint. A small garden

stocked with vegetables formed all their store. The only consolation that these poor people possessed, as far as I could see, was a huge volume of Seneca, from which, doubtless, they had learned to despise riches. They had not made their way to Germany, where their nation has found in the courts of princes the best refuge from poverty at home. The good man of whom I speak was too old to go to seek his fortune; otherwise he might have come to play the fine gentleman at our courts, and have enjoyed good cheer instead of Seneca's precepts.

In the evening we reached Liancourt, to my taste quite the most delightful place I ever saw.[1] Mme. de Mecklenburg lodged me in the castle, which is beautiful, and its garden so delightful that it enchanted me.

[1] Sainte-Beuve, in his history of Port Royal, says: 'La Duchesse de Liancourt' (Jeanne de Schomberg, died 1675), 'pour retirer son mari du tourbillon où il s'égarait, se mit à embellir la terre de Liancourt, qu'elle lui rendit de la sorte agréable; mais lui s'y étant réfugié et le but obtenu, elle continua d'embellir cette terre trop chère, ces jardins délicieux, et elle se reprochait à la fin.'

She insisted on entertaining me in the most charming manner, and preferred apparently to receive me there rather than at Marlon, which was perhaps in disorder from her absence, though in Germany she had always expressed a wish to see me in the latter place.

I had heard so much said of Père La Mare,[1] who was exiled to Liancourt as a Jansenist, that Mme. de Mecklenburg, who held him in high esteem, sent for him to come and see us. He was a decrepit little old man, firmly convinced that all who did not share his opinions would be lost, and quite incapable of listening to any reason on the subject. He was, I think, quite pleased with himself, and therefore quite happy; but had his aim been to please others, I do not think he would have enjoyed such entire satisfaction, for there was nothing about him that could be called attractive either to God or man.

[1] Des Mare.

The day after this interview I left Liancourt, heartily wishing that the Duke were its happy possessor, for nowhere could one find a more exquisite place of retirement from the fatigue and bustle of the world.[1] I arrived at Beaumont, where I dined in high spirits, for that day I was to be at Maubuisson with my sister, after having travelled for twenty-two days since leaving Amsterdam. I reached Anvers August 11, 1679, Trois Fontaines on the 13th, Notre Dame de Hall 14th, Mons on the 15th, Valenciennes 16th, Péronne 17th, Roye 18th, Liancourt, where I rested, on the 19th, and arrived at Maubuisson on the 22nd.

[1] When Mme. de la Roche-Guyon was asked if she did not enjoy spending the summer in so beautiful a place, she replied: 'Il n'y a point de belles prisons.'

CHAPTER IX.

MAUBUISSON—COURT OF DUKE OF ORLEANS—FROM PARIS TO FONTAINEBLEAU—FONTAINEBLEAU—COURT OF LOUIS XIV.

We had made simple toilettes, intending to enter the convent unperceived, and were therefore greatly surprised to hear that the Duke of Orleans, Madame, and Mademoiselle[1] were there with their whole court. We had no means of 'making toilette,' at which the Duchess of Mecklenburg and Mme. de Chavagnac were more distressed than Mme. von Harling and I. On entering the courtyard I saw Madame running at full speed to meet us, followed by Mademoiselle. I had hardly time to alight from the carriage to pay her the honours due to her rank. The good

[1] Marie Louise, daughter of Duke of Orleans and Henrietta of England.

princess threw her arms round my neck and kissed me, weeping for joy at seeing me again. She let me go but for a moment, to allow me to salute Mademoiselle, while she affectionately kissed Mme. von Harling, who had been her governess. She then seized me again to introduce the Duke of Orleans, who was standing at the convent door with my sister the Abbess. This Prince welcomed me in the kindest manner, conversing just as if he had known me all his life. While I embraced my sister, he went upstairs with Mademoiselle to the convent parlour, and I followed soon after with Madame, who still kept me clasped to her heart. We sat without ceremony on tabourets (seats without backs), and Monsieur tried at once to awaken in me a desire to go to the Palais Royal and see all the splendour of his preparations for the marriage of Mademoiselle to the King of Spain.[1] I made some difficulties about leaving the convent, but

[1] Charles II. 1665–1700.

he met them all, declaring roundly, 'You must claim the rank which the Sovereign Duchesses of Savoy and Lorraine hold.' I tried, however, to avoid all knotty points by my *incognito*, with which he seemed quite pleased, saying that if I wished to come to the Palais Royal I had only to put on a black scarf, and to these terms I agreed. Monsieur and Mademoiselle returned that evening to Paris, while Madame stayed for the night at Maubuisson, where she also dined the next day with my sister, myself, and some other ladies. After dinner we drove to Paris. To avoid all questions of precedence, it was agreed that Madame should go first to her children's room and I to Monsieur's, where she would come to fetch me, and we would then get into his carriage without ceremony. She seated herself beside Mme. de Mecklenburg to allow my daughter, who could not sit with her back to the horses, to be beside me. I was surprised that Madame's horses went so

slow. In vain she called out, 'Go quicker;' no one heeded. She told me that Monsieur's Master of the Horse was obliged to furnish them for a fixed sum, and therefore took such great care not to overwork them. When we reached the Palais Royal, the Marquise de Foy, formerly Hindersen, came to salute me as I alighted from the carriage. Madame went to her nursery while I talked to this Marquise, who accompanied me to Monsieur's rooms. He was waiting to take me to dinner with his favourite the Chevalier de Lorraine, who is lodged in the same palace. He was vexed to hear that I had already dined with Madame, so could not partake of an excellent dinner expressly provided for me. He went to eat it himself, with Mademoiselle, the Duchess of Mecklenburg, and Mme. de Fresne, while Madame and I chatted with a number of persons of quality. I had great pleasure in looking at Monsieur's fine pictures, which are admirable. After dinner we went up to a

large gallery, where Monsieur had ordered Mademoiselle's wedding dress to be spread out, as well as her toilet set, which was so well gilded that I took it for gold, particularly as I was asked to admire it. Monsieur, however, would not allow me to be deceived, but told the truth about it. He then took me into another room, to show me all his own jewels [1] and those which he meant to give to Mademoiselle. Among his own were some fine diamonds; the emeralds, rubies, and sapphires were of no great value, but the pearl set was very beautiful. The jewels which he gave to Mademoiselle were topazes, set with small diamonds; pretty certainly, but not rich. To make up, he gave her pearl earrings with a very fine set of pearls. Having great taste in such things, he took the trouble to get all my jewels reset according to the present fashion, arranging them with

[1] Saint-Simon mentions the division of Monsieur's jewels at his death.

great care. As for me, I had become so absent-minded and confused in my head, from seeing so many strange faces and different kinds of things, that I felt quite stupefied. I had had some apprehensions about showing myself in a French Court, but on seeing the Maréchale du Plessis, Mme. de Fiennes,[1] Mme. Gordon, and the mother of Madame's maids of honour, who alone appeared on that day, I took heart of grace, perceiving that there were all sorts

[1] Madame's own account of this lady is as follows:—'Mme. de Fiennes avait beaucoup d'esprit et était railleuse; sa langue n'épargnait personne que moi. Voyant qu'elle ne ménageait pas plus le roi et Monsieur que les autres, je la pris un jour par la main, et, la conduisant dans un coin, je lui dis: "Madame, vous êtes aimable, vous avez beaucoup d'esprit, mais vous avez une manière de parler dont le roi et Monsieur s'accommodent parce qu'ils y sont accoutumés: pour moi, qui ne fais que d'arriver, je n'y suis point faite; je me fâche quand on se moque de moi; c'est pourquoi j'ai voulu vous donner un petit avis. Si vous m'épargnez, nous serons très-bien ensemble; mais si vous me traitez comme les autres je ne vous dirai rien: cependant, je m'en plaindrai à votre mari, et s'il ne vous corrige pas je le chasserai." Il était mon écuyer ordinaire. Elle me promit de ne jamais parler contre moi, et elle a tenu parole.'

and conditions in this court as well as in Noah's Ark. Madame's ladies did not appear that day, because all their finery was packed to go to Fontainebleau, where Mademoiselle's betrothal was to be held.

Monsieur told me that the King his brother would be quite pleased to see me *incognito*, and that his Majesty would have me lodged so that I might see the marriage ceremony, which would be very fine. As I was dying to see the King and his court, I took good care not to refuse this invitation, but accepted it with great delight. As Monsieur did not wish to be ashamed of anyone he was to introduce at court, he insisted on helping to choose the stuffs which we were to wear on so great an occasion. The discussions on this important subject detained us so long that it was late in the evening before I returned to Maubuisson, where I thoroughly enjoyed being with my sister, free to laugh with her at the folly of the world and at the

trouble taken about nonsense at its command.

When I had spent three days with my sister, I went to the house of a Mme. de Gonelle in Paris, who was kind enough to take me in; and there tailors and dressmakers prepared for us costumes and patches, so that we could appear with the rest.

Thus equipped I went with my daughter on August 30 to Fontainebleau, accompanied by the Duchess of Mecklenburg, Mme. de Harling, and the Marquise de Foy. On our arrival I went to Madame's rooms, where I found Monsieur and a great crowd of people. Monsieur took me straight into a little boudoir to show me the coat which he was having embroidered with diamonds to wear at the wedding. He then took me to my own rooms, and expressed regret that they were not better, saying that Mme. de Montespan had really the best rooms, but that these suited my *incognito*. They were

indeed wretched, consisting only of two small rooms for my daughter and myself, the two ladies, and all our attendants.

After I had rested for a short time, Monsieur sent to ask if I would like to see the ceremony of Mademoiselle's betrothal, by proxy, to the King of Spain, which was to take place in the King's presence chamber. I refused nothing that could gratify my curiosity, so at the hour appointed for the ceremony the Marquis d'Effiat led me by one hand, the Chevalier Sandis by the other, into the royal presence. I saw sitting round a table his Majesty, with the Queen and all the princes and princesses of the blood, except the House of Condé, which was not represented. As soon as the 'Grande Mademoiselle' perceived me, she advanced to embrace me, saying that I was her relative, after which she resumed her seat. The marriage contract having been read, was signed by the King and Queen, then by all the princes and princesses of the blood

who were present, including even the children of Mesdames de la Vallière and de Montespan. The Duke de los Balbasos signed for the King of Spain, and the whole ceremony was conducted with many low bows, in which its beauty chiefly consisted. Having seen all, I wished to return to my rooms, but Monsieur said that I must wait to see the end, upon which a good-looking man, a stranger to me, said, 'Monsieur thinks that every one is as charmed with the ceremony as he is himself.' The ceremony was completed by all the princesses filing off, one after the other, bowing low to the King and Queen as they went. Last of all the Queen bowed to the King and also retired. When she was gone the King turned to me, welcoming me in the most gracious manner, and expressing the high consideration in which he held the House of Brunswick in general and the Duke my husband in particular, and that on all occasions he would be happy to show his esteem;

he then added that, though this was not the proper time and place to welcome me, yet, as owing to the confusion of the marriage he had been prevented from coming to see me elsewhere, he hoped I would not take it ill. So saying he bowed and left me. He went out by one side, and I by the other to return to my rooms.

I was then taken to the Comédie Française, where my *incognito* was kept up in this style: they called out, 'Room for Mme. d'Osnabrück.' The place assigned to me, however, sufficiently marked my own wish to retain it, being far from the King and all the royal family, who were seated below opposite to the theatre. I was too busy looking at the audience to pay any attention to the actors. I saw Mme. de Fontanges, then high in favour with the King, sitting far from him and near the door, so that she could easily go out. The crush was so dreadful, and the heat so stifling, that I found the pleasures of the French

Court attended with great discomfort. Lemonade was drunk as a refreshment, and when I asked for some, they called out loud, 'A boire pour Mme. d'Osnabrück,' which I thought most impertinent in the King's presence.

When the play was over, I returned to my little room, where the King's servants brought supper, and handed my napkin, not permitting my own servants to interfere. No one supped with me but my daughter, Mme. de Mecklenburg, Mme. de Harling, and Mme. de Foy. After supper, though it was very late, I took a fancy to go and see Madame again before going to bed. I found her in a dressing-gown, also Monsieur, who wore a nightcap, tied with flame-coloured ribbons, and was busy arranging some jewels for Madame, himself, and his two daughters. He was much confused at being seen in this guise, and turned his head from side to side, but I quite put him at his ease by helping him with the

jewels and making a bow for his hat, with which he seemed much pleased. After completing a work of such importance I could sleep in peace, and so retired to bed.

The next day I was led through a terrible crowd, to reach the chapel, where the marriage ceremony was to take place, the King having ordered a seat to be reserved for me. The Duke of Luxembourg,[1] who was on guard, conducted me with great care through the crush. I leave to the 'Mercure Galant' all description of the details of this ceremony, in which the Cardinal de Bouillon played a principal part, and will only mention his inclination to laugh and difficulty in repressing it. As for the King, he looked with far greater devotion at Mme. de Fontanges than at the altar; and as she was seated in a raised stall by his side, he was obliged to frequently raise his head in order to catch sight of her. Mme. de

[1] François, the well-known Maréchal of Louis XIV.

Montespan, whose favour was declining, sat in the same row as her rival, but at a distance from her. She was in dishabille with an embroidered headdress, and seemed sullen, and to regard with mortification the triumph of her young rival, who was in full dress, and apparently in high spirits. Mme. de Mecklenburg, who sat next me, took endless trouble to ingratiate herself with any one who might, as she thought, be of use, Mme. de Montespan and M. de Pomponne[1] being the objects of special interest. I secretly blessed my own good fortune, which had so happily placed me above all such manœuvres. The Queen was, I thought, much incommoded by her dress, for, notwithstanding the extreme heat, her skirt was covered with embroidery heavier than that which is put on horses' trappings.

Monsieur looked radiant, having the

[1] M. Pomponne, son of Arnauld d'Andilly, the Jansenist.

happy faculty of enjoying the ceremonies without possessing the power of greatness. Madame seemed well pleased to see her stepdaughter become a Queen, and the little mademoiselle[1] appeared to hope for a similar lot. The 'Grande Mademoiselle' de Montpensier looked most imposing, Mme. de Guise[2] just the reverse, her sister the Duchess of Florence[3] seemed to me amiable, and Mme. de Blois, daughter of La Vallière, very beautiful. I noticed that when the King grew weary of the ceremony he opened his mouth and shut his eyes. As for the Dauphin,[4] he looked most uninteresting, and the Prince de Conti[5] actually common, though his cloak was covered with diamonds, inherited by his

[1] Elisabette Charlotte, called after her mother.

[2] Elisabeth d'Orléans.

[3] Marguerite Louise d'Orléans, wife of Cosimo III., Grand Duke of Tuscany, whom she left 1675.

Numbers 2 and 3 were daughters of Gaston, uncle to Louis XIV.

[4] Louis, son of Louis XIV. and Marie Thérèse.

[5] Louis Armand de Bourbon, Prince de Conti.

niece, the Duchess d'Enghien,[1] from her aunt, the Queen of Poland.

The Prince de la Roche-sur-Yon was no handsomer than his brother, but the Duc de Vermandois, son of La Vallière, was very pleasing. I also admired M. de Verneuil, son of Henry IV., who, though nearly eighty years old, was hale and vigorous; his wife was an imposing personage, and had her train carried like a princess, but it was not so long. All the princes and princesses were assiduous in bowing to the altar, King, and Queen.

In conclusion, the King went through the ceremony of swearing to a peace with the King of Spain, the young Queen being the victim immolated to this pretended reconciliation. The Duke de los Balbasos kissed the hand of the King, and both having sworn on the Bible to an inviolable peace, we all went to dinner.

[1] Marie Anne de Bourbon, Duchesse d'Enghien and daughter of Mme. La Palatine.

When dinner was over Madame came to see me, and telling me that the King wished to visit me, asked where I would see him. As I received no visitors in my own room, I begged that the interview might take place in that of his Majesty, where I accordingly repaired towards the evening. The 'Grande Mademoiselle' de Montpensier came there also to meet me, and said that she would have visited me in my own room had she not been told I did not receive there. After many friendly expressions, Mademoiselle further informed me that her sister, the Grand Duchess of Florence, had requested her to mention when I was to be found with Madame, that she also might come to see me, but that she, Mademoiselle, would do nothing of the kind. She blamed her sister severely for disagreeing with her husband, for whom she herself had a sincere friendship. The Duchess of Orleans sat down on a tabouret, and we did the same. Shortly

afterwards the Dauphin came in. I rose and went up to him, but he remained speechless; in vain did I endeavour to engage him in conversation, he only answered 'Yes' or 'No,' though I returned repeatedly to the charge. To my intense relief, the King was announced. Madame ran to meet his Majesty, as also did I. He said aloud, 'I have not come to see you, Madame, but Mme. d'Osnabrück.' He asked at once if the Queen had not come, so that I might know that he had wished her to do so. The King certainly neglected nothing in his manner and conversation that could show him to be the most polite of princes. Monsieur tried to whisper to him, but his Majesty said aloud, 'It is rude to whisper before Madame.' This Monsieur dwelt on, that I might remark it, and see how anxious the King was to please me. His Majesty indeed omitted nothing that could prove his wish to do so, and made every imaginable agreeable speech, even

reminding me of the battle that the Dukes had won against him, saying that he had cause to realise that they were his enemies. I replied that, as they had not enjoyed the happiness of possessing his favour, they had at least striven to earn his esteem. The King replied that there had been a time when he had been unable to seek their friendship. I replied that I rejoiced to think that such a time was past, since I had seen him swear to a peace. He said that the clause would always remain, that the peace should last only so long as it might be for the good of his country. This I said I hoped would be for long. He replied, proudly raising his head, 'I do not think that the German princes will make war on me again.' He then spoke of his troops, of the number he had dismissed, and the large contingent he still retained. All this Monsieur did his best to exaggerate. The King also praised my daughter, whom he said he considered pretty, adding that he had heard

she was clever as well. He asked if she should be called Madame, or Mademoiselle, saying that he believed the former to be the German fashion. After some further indifferent conversation he took leave of me. Madame and I wished to accompany his Majesty, but this he forbade.

This evening we went to the Italian play, which was so grotesque that it attracted my attention more than the French one had done. Sitting at my feet were the Duke of Saxe-Eisenach, the Duke of Wolfenbüttel,[1] and Prince William of Fürstenberg. On leaving the play, Monsieur led me into a large gallery to see some fireworks. I remarked to Monsieur that it seemed contrary to etiquette for me to be in a room with the Queen without ever having paid my respects to her. He said it did not matter, and that if I liked he would take me next day to her dressing-

[1] August Wilhelm, second son and successor to Duke Anton Ulrich.

room, where she would be quite alone. I gladly accepted this offer, wishing to see close at hand all that I had seen from afar.

The next day the King went out hunting with the Dauphin and Madame, and I saw them from my window. The King drove his own carriage, in which were Mme. and Mlle. Potier (Poitiers ?). Monsieur meanwhile was kind enough to take me over the Palace Gardens, which are admirable. What most surprised me was to perceive in the Dauphin's rooms that he is still treated as a child, for close to his bed was another exactly like it for his governor, the Duc de Montausier.

Having seen all this, I went to visit the Queen of Spain, who was not yet dressed. Monsieur displayed the present sent by the King. This consisted of a box set with diamonds containing his Majesty's portrait, which was far from being handsome. As a consolation, I remarked that one could see

it was a bad likeness. 'Yes,' replied the Queen, 'but do you know that he is said to resemble that ugly baboon the Duke of Wolfenbüttel?' This I would not admit. When her hair was to be dressed her women brought the usual armchair, which she pushed aside and took a tabouret, such as had been given to me. Meanwhile a great number of ladies had assembled round the dressing-table, while 'la Martin' dressed her hair, and she rouged herself in Spanish style. Among these ladies was the Grandduchess of Florence, who was most friendly to me. We sat down together in the recess of a window. She severely blamed her sister's conduct with regard to Pequelin,[1] and excused her own on account of the great restraint to which she was subjected in Florence, saying that she was much happier at Montmartre,[2] where she could spend her life as she pleased without interference from anyone.

[1] Lauzun. [2] The Convent.

The thread of our discourse was interrupted by Monsieur, who summoned me to wait upon the Queen of France. This good Prince, who awaited me in the antechamber, seized me by the hand and dragged me so hurriedly into her Majesty's presence, that I had hardly time to stop and make my curtsy. I did make it, however, and a very low one it was, instead of kissing her dress as she expected. I also paid the usual compliment, to which the good Queen replied, 'I am glad to see you.' Monsieur took hold of a wax candle and brought it near the Queen's jewels, saying, 'Mme. d'Osnabrück is so fond of jewels; look, are they not beautiful?' I took the candle from him, saying to the Queen that I could not look at the jewels for the greater pleasure of seeing herself. She put one little white hand over her jewels, and pointed with the other to her face, saying, 'You must look here, not there.' I was struck by the dazzling white-

ness of her skin, and thought her much handsomer seen near than at a distance, for her figure was bad, the back too broad and the neck too short, which gave her a thick-set appearance. Her lips were a brilliant scarlet, but the teeth discoloured and decayed.

The labour of keeping up the conversation continued to devolve on me. I praised the Court of France, saying that she surely had found no difficulty in accustoming herself to its manners. She replied that she had indeed found the task easy, because she was so happy, and twice repeated, 'The King loves me so much, I am so much obliged to him.' I replied that this was not surprising, and so on. I also made her tell me how many children she had had. She had no one with her but the 'Grande Mademoiselle' and Mme. de Béthune.[1] The Queen sat down in an armchair, Mademoiselle threw herself on a small sofa, Mon-

[1] Sister to the Duc de Gesvres.

sieur took a tabouret, desiring me to do the same. I, however, took good care to do nothing of the kind, but saying to the Queen that I was expected by Madame, bowed low and retired. Monsieur took me by the hand and asked why I did not sit down, saying that, though I could claim a different seat from Madame, I could not do so from the Queen. I answered that it was impossible for me to accept a tabouret from the Queen of France after having been honoured with a chair by the Empress of Germany. Monsieur said that every country had its customs, and that the King must not hear that I had refused to take a tabouret. I said I did not care whether he heard it or not.

In the evening I was led through a fearful crush to see the State ball. Being *incognito* I was placed behind the King and Queen and beside Mme. de Pomponne. It was like the Golden Age, husbands dancing

with wives and brothers with sisters; this they did, however, from ceremony rather than from innocence, for each maintained his rank, and there was more etiquette than gaiety about the dancing. M. d'Armagnac[1] and his son were, I thought, the best dancers, but the King, it must be confessed, had more dignity, in which the good Queen his wife matched him but ill, for she had none, and one might have said that the King was ashamed of her when dancing.

The Dauphin's performances were by no means amazing, nor did the Prince de Conti try to excel them. Madame made all the German princes present dance, who, on account of their rank, had refused to join in the 'Bransle.'[2] The Prince of Wolfenbüttel, after having danced with Madame, chose the Queen of Spain. An ignorant booby expressed amazement at this audacity,

[1] Louis de Lorraine, Comte d'Armagnac.
[2] Circular dance.

but Rose rebuked him so sharply that he held his peace.

When the ball was over I begged Monsieur to ask the King if he had any commands for me, as I was to start next day.

Monsieur gave my message, and his Majesty, coming up to me, spoke in the most gracious manner, and saluted first me and then my daughter. The Queen also turned to me, and as there was a chair standing between us, held out her dress for me to kiss. I, however, not tempted by the delicate morsel, contented myself with making her a very low curtsy.

Monsieur, who had seen this performance on the Queen's part, laughed heartily at it, telling me that she did the same by his children, and that the little Duc de Chartres[1] said: 'Do you think I could kiss her dress? I kiss my own hand;' and when Madame asked if her Majesty had any

[1] Philip, afterwards Regent.

commands for him that she answered: 'I have no commands to give you.' There was no *finesse* about this good Queen; she cared only for eating and dressing, the two things that suited her best.

CHAPTER X.

ST. CLOUD—VERSAILLES—COURT OF DUKE OF ORLEANS—DEPARTURE OF QUEEN OF SPAIN—KING'S PRESENT—DUCHESS D'ENGHIEN — RINSI — MAUBUISSON — KING'S PRESENT AGAIN—PROJECTS OF MARRIAGE FOR SOPHIE CHARLOTTE—ASNIÈRES—MAUBUISSON TO METZ—ON THE MOSELLE—JOURNEY HOME.

I SET out next day in high delight at having gratified my curiosity and met with so much courtesy at Fontainebleau; very glad also, both for myself and my daughter, to enjoy a rest with my sister, for we were extremely tired, and I saw plainly that I was better fitted for the convent than for a court, where so much trouble is taken about amusement. Even my daughter had taken fever slightly, while Mme. de Harling was so seriously ill with it that I was unable to join Madame at Paris as she desired. After spending four happy days with my sister, I

set out on September 8 with Mme. de Mecklenburg for St. Cloud. Just at the palace door the coachman managed to upset us, and Monsieur, Madame, the Queen of Spain and Mademoiselle all rushed out to pick us up, and Monsieur, taking my hand, led me to his own room. He then took me all over the palace, always holding my hand so that I might even walk before the Queen of Spain, as the occasion established no precedent. I greatly admired the Duke's beautiful gallery and fine drawing-room, as well as the exquisite cleanliness everywhere to be observed, for he understands to perfection the management of a house. My room opened on the garden, which is perfectly beautiful both on account of its situation and its fountains. I was never tired of walking in it with Monsieur and Madame, whose extreme kindness I shall ever remember with gratitude. Monsieur always dined with the Queen of Spain, and Madame honoured me with her company at dinner in my ante-

chamber, where we were served by the officers of her household. The Duchess and the Marquise de Foy dined with us several times, as did also Mlle. Gransay and Mlle. Poictiers, maid of honour to the first Madame, the latter of whom Monsieur introduced to me. He also made me kiss the Chevalier de Lorraine, who was the only person, besides the King and Monsieur himself, whom I kissed in France, though, according to the custom of the country, I should have kissed all the dukes and peers and the officers of the Crown whom Madame kisses. They had, however, the civility to absent themselves, thereby sparing me great embarrassment.

On the morning after my arrival at St. Cloud, Monsieur and Madame came to my room by a secret stair, to ask if I was inclined to come out walking. As I was not yet dressed, the Duke went off alone to his farm, from which he brought me butter and delicious fruit. In the afternoon we drove

in the beautiful gardens. The carriage in which I sat held ten persons. By the direction of Monsieur, the Queen of Spain got in first, I followed, and then came Madame, so that I sat between the two. Mademoiselle sat at one door, and my daughter at the other. Opposite to us were the Marquise de Foy and Mlle. Gransay, behind us the Duchess of Mecklenburg, the Maréchale de Clérembault,[1] and Mme. de Fiennes. Thus placed we had a delightful drive through cool glades and past splashing waterfalls, more like fairyland than the everyday world. Monsieur drove in an open carriage with the two Spanish ambassadors.

The King had given orders that I was to see Versailles the next day, as without due notice the fountains would not be set playing ; so, all being in readiness, we were obliged to go. Madame, who was untiring

[1] Lady-in-waiting, sister to Marquis de Chavigny ; is mentioned by Saint-Simon.

in her thoughtful kindness for me, feared that I might not receive the honours due to my rank when we were to dine there, for Monsieur insisted that if he dispensed with an armchair I might do the same; so when, by Madame's orders, one was brought to him, he pushed it aside and took a tabouret. The Queen of Spain, following his example, did the same, so that all passed off to my honour and credit. At dinner the Queen of Spain sat at the middle of the table, Madame at her left hand, Monsieur at her right. I sat beside Monsieur, and Mademoiselle next to Madame. On rising from table, Monsieur gave me half of his own napkin with which to dry my hands. After dinner we drove in the same order as at St. Cloud, and whenever we alighted Monsieur led me by the hand, making me walk with him before every one, that I might see to full advantage the beauties of Versailles, for which money has done greater marvels than nature. Were the choice given to me,

I should prefer St. Cloud. When we had seen everything, some excellent refreshments were served, which were, I thought, worth all the fountains that had cost so much labour to set agoing.

In the evening we went to stay in Paris at the Palais Royal, where Monsieur gave me a room close to that of Mademoiselle which had been occupied by the Queen of Spain before her marriage. Madame, who was so kind as always to hold my hand, took me to the Queen of Spain's room, which was crowded to suffocation. This overcrowding is a discomfort highly esteemed in France. As for me, I stole away as quickly and quietly as I could to my own room, followed by Madame as soon as she missed me in the crowd. There we chatted at our ease, vastly preferring such liberty to the society of idle chatterers in ante-chambers. Madame dined with the Queen, and I in my room with Mme. de Mecklenburg and the Marquise de Foy, as Mme. de Harling was

still seriously ill. Madame, who wished me to see the King's wardrobe, took me to the Louvre, where are some very ancient beds and fine tapestry. We then went on to the opera, which I thought inferior to that at Hanover in Duke John Frederick's time. I sat with my daughter in the same box as the Queen of Spain. Madame came in only towards the end of the piece, and until her arrival Monsieur sat beside me.

Monsieur told me that he was going to beg something of me, which he hoped I would not refuse. I was delighted, thinking that he was about to give me an opportunity of showing my regard for him. It was, however, that I would permit him to give a present to my daughter, as he said the King alone had the right to send one to me. Though much surprised, I accepted with all possible gratitude this mark of friendship which he so graciously desired to bestow on my daughter.

His present consisted of twelve buttons

and buttonholes in diamonds, such as were at that time worn round the cuffs; the little Mlle. de Chartres wore a set exactly similar. A few days before, Madame told me that she knew from Monsieur that the King intended to give a present to me. I replied curtly: 'Why should he do so? People will say that I came for it.' This she repeated to Monsieur, who relieved my mind with the assurance that it was the King's custom to show his magnificence by giving presents to all visitors of my rank.

On leaving the opera, the Queen of Spain took leave of everyone, as she was next day to leave Paris for ever. At this prospect her grief was so intense that she could not restrain her cries and tears. No one could help weeping with her, I least of all, for this amiable princess had won my heart both by her personal charms and by countless acts of kindness to me and to my daughter, to whom she had taken so strong a fancy that she wished herself a prince

in order to marry her; perhaps another motive for this wish was that she might not be forced to leave the France that she loved so well. Notwithstanding her tears, she honoured me with her company at supper on the evening before her departure. The company, which consisted of Madame, Mademoiselle, and the Duchess of Mecklenburg, was too sad to eat. After supper her Majesty refused to allow me to accompany her to her room; but the next day, that sad day of parting, I went to see her there. This charming Queen held me for more than an hour closely embraced, shedding floods of tears and exclaiming, 'I shall never see you more, dear aunt,' for she is indeed my niece 'à la mode de Bretagne.'[1] The whole court resounded with cries and groans, and because it was the fashion to weep, many wept that day who had never seen the Queen at all.

Just then Monsieur came up to give me

[1] French equivalent for our '~~Scotch cousin~~ Welsh aunt.'

the King's present, which was a great box set with some bad diamonds, and another with some poor pearls for my daughter, whereby his Majesty certainly did not succeed in showing his magnificence. Monsieur was ashamed of it, but I was proud, considering it a mark of his Majesty's esteem, which I had earned by no act of service. Meanwhile, all was ready for the departure of the young Queen, who, bathed in tears, embraced me repeatedly. I wished to accompany her to the carriage, but Monsieur made me stop on the staircase, desiring me to go no further on account of the crowd. There I took leave of him, only wishing that he could read my heart and see how deep was the impression made on it by his great kindness, which I shall never cease to remember.

I stayed in Paris that day to make some purchases, while my daughter played with little Mademoiselle, who was only a year younger than herself, the little Duke

of Chartres, and his sister. The next day I returned to Maubuisson, my never-failing haven of happiness. I went also to see the English nuns at Pontoise, who gave me luncheon to excite my charity, for they are very poor. I spent eight delightful days with my sister, whose conversation has an untiring charm for me. Prince William of Fürstenberg [1] and the Bishop of Condom [2] visited me at the grating. I enjoyed their conversation, but thought little of their arguments for my conversion.[3]

I forgot to mention that, a few days after my arrival at Maubuisson, the Duke d'Enghien came also to see me, but unaccompanied by his wife, who had smallpox. The Princess Palatine [4] also sent nearly

[1] The most devoted of Louis XIV.'s partisans in Germany.

[2] Bossuet (?).

[3] All readers who are aware of the deep and active interest taken by Electress Sophia in the scheme of Leibnitz for uniting the Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches must regret that no description of these conversations is given.

[4] Widow of Prince Edward, brother to Sophia.

every day to say that she was too ill to see anyone.

Meanwhile my niece, the Duchess d'Enghien, desiring to make friends with me, sent a message by the Mère Fagon, who had brought her up, to say that if I would meet her at Rinsi, where the air is very pure, she would be conveyed thither, and the Duke d'Enghien would both fetch me and bring me back next day in his carriage. I accepted this offer, and the Duke d'Enghien accordingly appeared at Maubuisson, where I dined with him outside the grating. After dinner I started with my daughter, the Marquise de Foy (Mme. de Harling being ill), and Mlle. Guenani. Passing through St. Denis, the Duke made us eat cheese cakes, saying that it was the only place where they are well made. It was still quite early when we reached Rinsi, where I found my niece in bed. Embracing me she said: 'It gives me the greatest pleasure to see

you, dear aunt.' I replied, 'No one could be more delighted than I, dear niece.' Such was the beginning of our conversation, which did but increase in interest as it continued. She struck me as being very gentle, while her husband was all fire and vivacity, with most polished manners. After talking for a considerable time, during which the Duke d'Enghien made Gourville [1] sit down in our presence, we were told that the play was ready. The Duchess left her bed, put on a gold brocade sacque tied all the way down with flame-coloured ribbon, which had, as I thought, a very startling effect. A black hood over her crumpled white cap completed this costume, and she was carried in a chair to see the play, which was acted in the adjoining room. The piece was 'Jodelet the Musician.' I admired the dancing between the acts, but the rest was poor stuff. The Duchess showed me

[1] See Petitot, *Mémoires relatives à l'Histoire de France.*

the splendid jewels which she had inherited from her aunt, the Queen of Poland,[1] which I had already seen on the Prince de Conti's cloak. In the evening I supped in my ante-chamber with the Duke and Mme. de Langeron. The Duchess did not sup with us, for they coddled her in the most extraordinary manner, allowing her fruit but no meat. After supper we sat for a long time conversing, as the Duke is a good and agreeable talker. Next day he showed me the park, which was in great disorder. I dined again with him, and then he convoyed me as far as St. Denis, where, after showing me the treasure, he returned to Rinsi and I to Maubuisson. He sent two men with me dressed in shabby livery, whom I took for guards, till informed that they were pages, as the princes of the blood have no guards.

[1] Marie, elder sister of Anne de Gonzague (or Gonzaga).

On arriving at Maubuisson I heard to my joy that Madame was expected there next day. She asked for the loan of relays, which I sent. She was delighted with them because they went so fast, but her attendants, who were forced to follow on horseback, failed to adapt themselves to this German fashion. Madame told me that the King had spoken in the highest terms of me, and that Monsieur had plainly declared that his Majesty's present was not what it should be. The King, who had not seen it, seemed annoyed, and asked Monsieur's advice in the matter. Monsieur replied that I had seemed pleased with his present of diamond buttons to my daughter; on hearing which the King desired that a similar set should be sent to me. This, though of course quite unnecessary, was at the same time very gratifying to my pride, as showing his Majesty's anxiety to please me. Madame also told me that the Dauphin was to marry the

Princess of Bavaria,[1] and that they meant to try and marry Mademoiselle to the Elector of Bavaria. This exchange seemed to console Madame for the loss of her former desire to see my daughter Dauphine. After my departure, however, it became known that the Elector would not hear of a French wife, and this brought back Madame to her first way of thinking. The Princess Palatine also persuaded Monsieur to speak for my daughter to the King, but just as he was about to do so he learned from the King himself that it was too late, and Madame wrote to tell me the same thing when I reached Germany. Never, however, can I forget the kindness of this princess to me at Maubuisson; though naturally averse to convents,[2] she stayed

[1] Dauphin married, 1680, Marie Anne Christine Victoire of Bavaria.

[2] On the sudden death of Monsieur, many years after Sophia's visit, the Duchess, in the depth of her grief, would from time to time stop her tears to cry out, 'Pas de couvent!'

there two days with me. Her farewell was very affectionate, and we parted with much regret on either side.

The Duchess returned to Fontainebleau for the King's hunt, and I went on to Asnières to see the Princess Palatine,[1] who was ill in body but clear in mind. She wished to speak of many things, but the physicians forbade her to talk, and drove me out against my will, without allowing me time to tell her all that was on my mind. Having been invited by the Duke d'Enghien to dine with him at Gourville's house, I went there and met Mesdames de Mecklenburg and de Chavagnac. The dinner was worthy of the company, being both good and well served. When it was over, the Duke d'Enghien provided me with relays which took me on the same day to Chimay. Mme. de Mecklenburg honoured me with her company for part of the way, and the parting with this excellent princess, whose amiable

[1] Died 1685.

temper enhances, by meeting halfway, every pleasure, caused me a keen pang of regret.

After losing sight of her and of all that had caused my enjoyment in France, I was seized with such violent impatience to see the Duke again that no rate of travelling was fast enough to content me. On the next day, September 29, I slept at La Ferté, on the 30th at Estoge, on the 31st at Châlons; thence by S. Ménehould, Verdun, and Mabatour to Metz, which we reached on October 5, and where an advocate kindly put me up. The magistrates presented me with some excellent preserves, and an address which was no less sugary. I attended the Protestant service, thereby so delighting the pastor and his little flock that they thanked me as if I had come for their sake, and not for that of 'le bon Dieu.'

That day I embarked to sail down the Moselle, a venture of which I had good reason to repent, for in the evening we were very

badly lodged in a village, and yet dared not proceed by night, because of the rocks. As long as daylight lasted I pushed on, taking no pains to stop at the larger towns, and often in consequence finding myself in awkward straits for night quarters. One night we stayed with a gentleman named Wilbret, who, though said to be very rich, was a true country bumpkin. That day is impressed on my memory because, in order to reach his castle, we were forced to walk a long way through the mud. He certainly offered me a carriage, but, as it grew very late and no carriage arrived, I believe that he had no horses. His wife received us seated in an armchair, for, owing to an accident, she was unable to walk. To make up for this disability, however, her tongue never rested. She offered us refreshments without end, but gave us nothing, and just as my cook was about to prepare some meat that he had brought with him, nearly the whole of it was carried off by the gentle-

man's famished greyhounds, so that our meal was but a light one. The lady of the house talked incessantly of the good wine in her cellar, which (as she said) she wished us to taste, but unluckily the servant who knew the good cask was not to be found. She made a great fuss about searching for him, but he never appeared. That I did not mind; but I confess to having been somewhat surprised when they showed us whole hillsides clad with vines, and yet did not offer us a single bunch of grapes. They were kind enough to allow me to put up my bed in their chapel, and the altar served as a dressing-table. The holy place was hung round with their family arms, and the aristocratic descent, which failed to appear in their manners, was displayed in their sixteen quarterings. As an additional proof of it, the master of the house attended our departure next day in a gold-laced coat, which was evidently a relic of his ancestors. I have no recollection of the other places

which we passed, for I was too impatient to see the Duke again to notice anything.

At Cologne I took a very small boat, as no other could be got. The wind, which was against us, spun the boat round and round, without allowing us to make any way. My women began to scream, but I only laughed at the hubbub. At last we managed to sail down as far as Duisburg, where, to my intense surprise, we were welcomed and received on Prussian ground by a French garrison, as by a disadvantageous treaty the Elector of Brandenburg had handed over this place with others to the French.

The Duke had kindly sent a carriage and relays of horses to bring me in a day to Osnabrück, and as my own carriages came up just as I reached Duisburg, I saw that they came as quickly by land as I had done by water.

CHAPTER XI.

HOME—PROJECTS OF MARRIAGE FOR GEORGE LOUIS—ABBESS OF HERFORD'S ILLNESS—DEATH OF DUKE JOHN FREDERICK—RETURN OF DUKE ERNEST AUGUSTUS—DEATH OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH—JOURNEY TO DENMARK—DENMARK—RETURN HOME—DEATH OF ELECTOR CHARLES LOUIS—CLOSE.

Words fail to describe my joy on seeing the Duke once more; he, on his part, was well pleased with all my proceedings, and thought that I had come off with great honour and credit at the French Court. My happiness was soon overcast when I heard that my husband meditated an Italian tour, and had still some thoughts of the Zell marriage for our eldest son. The Duke, who was the best of fathers, thought thereby to secure the future of his children, who might find themselves but ill provided for were their father by mischance to die before his

brothers. Hammerstein came to propose the conditions at Osnabrück, but the Zell party was so utterly unreasonable that the affair was broken off, by no means to my regret, nor to that of Duke John Frederick either. I indeed would infinitely have preferred his daughter, who was by birth the equal of my son, if I could but have found the match to our advantage; but this good Duke, who did not expect to die so soon, hesitated about the conditions. He asked us to come and see him at Linsburg before his departure for Italy and after that of his wife for France. We went there accordingly, and were most kindly received by the good Prince, who warmly pressed me to join the Italian tour, as he had already done several times in writing. I, however, having been once to Italy, had no wish to return thither, so left the Duke to settle how and when he was to meet his brother at Venice. At Linsburg I took leave of Duke John Frederick, little dreaming that it was for

the last time. He started for Venice by Augsburg, and my husband went by Basle.

After both were gone, I heard that my sister, the Abbess of Herford, was dangerously ill and urgently desired to see me, so I lost no time in hastening to her. Her joy at my arrival was indescribable: one might have thought that an angel had come down from heaven to cure her. She was surrounded by people whose gloomy piety had been a weariness and a torture to her. They had deprived her of all amusements, even including music, though her mind required to be diverted in every possible way from the malady—incurable dropsy—which afflicted her. At the commencement of her illness, though in great suffering, she was quite composed, saying that she had to thank God for sixty years of health, that one must die once and reach death through disease; and with the utmost calmness she had ordered her coffin and made her will. I remarked, however, that

her mental power ebbed with the physical strength, so that at last, when sinking beneath the ravages of disease, her mind began to wander, and she believed herself to be entirely cured, though death was close at hand. I was deeply shocked to witness her piteous state, and to realise that, though I looked upon my sister's body, her real self was gone. Heartily as I dislike sad scenes, I could not leave her, for she clung with passionate tenderness to me. Often also she expressed grave anxiety for my children's future should their father die before his brothers.

One day, when I least expected any news, La Gheel came in during my toilette to announce the arrival of Major Jordan from Hanover. Not expecting that his mission was important, I did not hurry myself, but, when ready, desired him to meet me in my sister's room. Handing me a letter from Major-General Öfener, he informed me that Duke John Frederick had

died at Augsburg after two days' illness.[1] The shock was so great that I myself turned as pale as death. Though deeply lamenting so dear a friend, I yet had cause to thank God for delivering my husband and children from their enemies, as I was then forced to count all at Zell. My poor sister shared my sentiments on this most unlooked-for event, and saw me with regret depart for Osnabrück after bidding her an eternal farewell. The courier who had been despatched to the Duke found him in Switzerland, whence he returned at once to Osnabrück. Shrugging his shoulders, his first words to me were: 'Je suis bien aise que ce n'est pas moy qui sois mort' ('I am glad it was not I who died'). For all that, he deeply felt the loss of so beloved a brother, and resolved to do all in his power to live at peace with the one brother still remaining. He decided, therefore, to grant out of generosity what he would never

[1] Dec. 18, 1679.

have consented to from fear. The conduct of Mme. de Harburg had not entitled her to expect such kindness from him, yet for his brother's sake he consented, when least called upon to do so, to recognise her as Duchess of Zell, with this proviso only, that the Emperor should confirm a new contract between the brothers regarding the succession in case Mme. de Harburg should have a son. Three weeks after the Duke's return the sad news arrived that my poor sister, the Abbess of Herford, was dead.[1] I deeply felt the blow, and was still in affliction when the Duke went to Hanover to take possession of the Duchy and to bury his late brother, whose obsequies were celebrated half according to the Lutheran and half according to the Roman Catholic rites for the living and the dead.

Some time after these events, the Queen of Denmark invited us to visit her at Nicopin (Nykjöbing), her dower house, which

[1] February 1680.

was built by my ancestress, Queen Sophie, of the house of Mecklenburg. Attended by a numerous suite we set off in high spirits. I was accompanied by my daughter, Mme. de Harling, and Mlle. Goel. Of gentlemen, I had only the High Bailiff Groote,[1] the Chevalier Sandis, and Herr Klencke. The Queen had sent a pinnace to Heiligenhaven to take us by water, and fortunately the sea was so calm that no one was ill; but as what wind there was blew against us, and the Duke was unwilling to spend the night at sea, he made us land, hoping to fall in with some vehicle that would take us on; but we walked on and on, and none was to be seen. At last we spied some men rowing a little boat, who offered to take us to the place where, by the Queen's orders, carts were waiting to take us to Tollhus, where we were to

[1] Otto Grote, Minister for Foreign Affairs under John Frederick; Minister of War and Bailiff of the Principality of Grubenhagen under Ernest Augustus.

sleep. Worn out with walking, we were only too thankful to get into the boat, which brought us to the spot where the carts awaited us. I had never seen before people of quality make use of such vehicles, which are like hay carts, only without any hay to make them comfortable. I had a little box put in for me to sit on: in front of me was my daughter, and the Chevalier Sandis behind. One of the Queen's footmen acted as coachman and a little boy as postillion. Without knowing the way they set off at full speed, for it was already very dark. On reaching a place where we had to pass through water the little boy missed the path, and we should all have been quietly drowned had not the footman by shouting attracted the attention of the Duke, who was with the other carts high above us on the right road. Perceiving our danger, he was seriously uneasy and sent men to the rescue, who, by wading above their knees in the water, carried

us to land. With great difficulty the cart was righted, and there was nothing for it but to get in again, though it was the most uncomfortable of vehicles; but nothing else was to be got. Near Tollhus we had to cross the water again, but on a bridge of boats. M. Schwartz was posted on the other side ready to welcome us in the Queen's name. He brought us a carriage which I saw with joy, but which proved to be even rougher than the carts. On entering our resting-place I was delighted to find at supper that cooking is better understood in Denmark than carriages.

Next day, after breakfast, we went straight on to Nicoping, to reach which another pontoon had to be crossed. Awaiting our arrival on the other side we saw the Queen, her daughter the Electoral Princess of Saxony, her son Prince George, and her whole court. Her Majesty, kissing us most affectionately, gave us the kindest of welcomes. She desired the Duke, her

daughter, and myself to get into her own carriage, seating the Duke beside herself and her daughter beside me. On reaching the castle her Majesty took me herself to my room, and stayed there for some time talking. As in duty bound I wished to accompany her back to her own apartments, but this she would not permit. Nothing, indeed, could exceed the kindness of this amiable Queen.

Among other amusements the Queen arranged two hunting-parties for the Duke, in which she herself took part, driving in an open cart, though it was raining hard; we of course all did the same, even down to the footmen and boys, who each had his cart, and was as well equipped in the royal style of the country as were we ourselves. In a long procession of more than one hundred carts we went to the places where quantities of hares had been collected by the peasants for us to shoot. The Queen hit some, and the Duke killed more than

thirty. To give me pleasure the Queen insisted that I also should shoot, and as chance would have it I shot a hare the first time I ever in my life fired a gun, which feat of arms won for me much unmerited praise. When her Majesty was not hunting she played cards, and the Electoral Prince and Prince George, his brother (in law), sometimes persuaded me to join them in country dances. As the Queen was a person of singular goodness and merit, for whom I have the greatest affection and esteem, I gladly did all in my power to please her.

After a week of delightful intercourse we were obliged to leave. Her Majesty with extreme kindness insisted on going halfway to Tollhus, where we said adieu and where she spent the night. The next day, while we were at dinner, the Queen graciously gave us a surprise by reappearing, nor would she depart until she had seen us embark, and watched us till

we were out of sight. Were I to praise this good Queen as she deserves, I should never stop; she is sister to the Dukes, and that says everything.

The wind was in our favour for crossing the sea, but after crossing we were forced to take to our carts again, to which I began to feel myself accustomed, nor could I indeed object to them after seeing so great a queen and her royal family make use of the same. On reaching a wretched inn towards nightfall we found that the cooks had not arrived. This mischance, however, was thought no grievance, as everybody insisted on taking part in the cooking; but when bedtime came the Duke and I alone were comfortably disposed of, as our beds had come up, while the others could not even find straw to lie on. Thus in excellent spirits we made our way back to Hanover.

My joy was, however, of short duration, for a few days after our return, just as I

was least prepared for such a blow, I heard that I had lost my brother the Elector, who had been carried off by an eight-day fever.[1] My grief passes the power of words to express. He had always loved me as a daughter, and put such confidence in me that he wrote by every mail, and in a style of such fire and charm that this correspondence formed one of my chief pleasures. This loss has so increased my malady of the spleen that it constantly reminds me that I am now fifty years old, and must soon follow my sister and brother. Besides all this, the absence of my husband would have driven me to desperation had I not diverted my mind by other thoughts from these miserable ideas. Thus it comes to pass that I have amused myself by describing the past, in which I should doubtless have succeeded better had I been in a gayer mood, free from sad reflections and melancholy. I hope that the Duke's return,

[1] August 28, 1680.

which is expected in a few days, will restore me altogether, and that I shall not so soon go the way of all flesh.

Hanover: 15/25 Febry. 1681.

CONCLUDING REMARKS ON THE MEMOIRS OF THE ELECTRESS SOPHIA OF HANOVER.

The hopes and fears of the Electress Sophia were alike destined to be fulfilled. The return of Ernest Augustus probably produced the desired effect on her spirits, for she did not 'so soon go the way of all flesh,' but reached the ripe old age of eighty-four. The last sixteen years of her life must have been but grief and pain to her faithful heart, for in 1698 Ernest Augustus, the dearly beloved husband of her youth, set out on that last long journey from which there is no return. He lived, however, long enough to obtain for the House of Hanover the long-coveted Electoral rank, and to form an alliance, political and domestic, with the House of Brandenburg

by the marriage of his daughter to the first King of Prussia (1684).

The Electress Sophia lived long enough to see the dazzling prospect of succeeding in her old age to that very crown of Great Britain and Ireland that the busy friends of her early youth had vainly sought to secure to her by marriage with Charles II. She herself was not to enter the promised land, on which, to the last, she looked out, with eye undimmed and natural force of mind still unabated; but George Louis, the son for whose chances of the modest patrimony of Hanover and Zell she had experienced so many hopes and fears, obtained the glorious threefold inheritance, which he was perhaps hardly fitted to adorn, for Frederick the Great's remark upon his son applies equally to our George I: 'Né pour être Electeur, il n'avait pas pu atteindre aux vertus de la royauté.'

The marriage, so much dreaded by the Electress Sophia, between George Louis and

'la petite Sophie' of Zell, took place, but no blessing attended it, and the unloved, unloving, erring wife expiated in a lifelong captivity at Ahlden her offences (perhaps those of her mother also) against the House of Hanover.

We have already been made acquainted with Louis XIV.'s opinion of the Electress Sophia's daughter, Sophie Charlotte, 'qu'il disait trouver belle et qu'il avoit ouy dire qu'elle avoit beaucoup d'esprit.' The latter clause is confirmed by another 'grand monarque,' Frederick the Great, the lady's own grandson, in the following terms: 'This Princess had the genius of a great, and the knowledge of a learned, man.' . . . 'She loved and sought truth as the King her husband loved splendour.' . . . 'On her deathbed[1] she said to one of her weeping ladies: "Do not pity me; I go to satisfy my curiosity on subjects that Leibnitz has never been able to explain—Space,

[1] 1705.

Eternity, Being, and Nothing ;—while in my funeral I provide the King my husband with a new opportunity of displaying his magnificence." '

The Elector Palatine, Charles, nephew to the Electress Sophia, died childless. Of the two children of his sister, the Duchess of Orleans, the son grew up to be the well-known and little respected Regent of France, Philippe le Débonnaire—'ce fanfaron des crimes qu'il ne commet pas,' as he was called by his uncle Louis XIV.

Bitter was the mortification of Madame when this only son was forced into a marriage with Mlle. de Blois, a daughter of Louis XIV. and Mme. de Montespan. So great, indeed, was the disappointment of Monsieur at the non-appearance 'des monts et des merveilles' promised by the King as the reward of his nephew's obedience, that, if we may trust Saint-Simon, an angry interview between his Majesty and Monsieur on this very subject was the

immediate cause of the fit that carried off poor Monsieur, to the sincere regret of Madame, who tells us: ''J'étais justement en train d'être heureuse quand le ciel m'a ôté mon pauvre mari. Pendant trente ans j'avais travaillé pour le gagner, et lorsque j'atteignais mon but, il mourut. Il avait été tellement importuné de ce que je l'aimais et que je voulusse être auprès de lui, qu'il me pria, pour l'amour de Dieu, de ne plus l'aimer, parce que cela lui était trop à charge.'

Elizabeth Charlotte, the daughter of Monsieur and Madame, married the last Duke of Lorraine. Her eldest son, Francis Joseph, who became the husband of Maria Theresa, and, by election, Emperor of Germany, received the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, left vacant by the death of the last of the Medicis, in lieu of his ancestral patrimony, Lorraine, which was, by the 'Pragmatic Sanction' of his father-in-law, the Emperor Charles VI., ceded to France

as the dower of Marie Leczinska, who thus, though a penniless bride, brought the fairest addition that France had received 'par quenouille,' since the days of Anne of Brittany. The young Queen of Spain, who so unwillingly left her beloved France, returned to it no more. We know not what happiness awaited her in Spain with the 'ugly Baboon,' but great or little, it lasted not quite ten years. Mme. de Sévigné, in a letter to Mme. de Grignan, dated Monday, February 21, 1689, after describing a charming performance of 'Esther' at St. Cyr on the preceding Saturday, not forgetting to mention her 'petits triomphes' in the gracious remarks of the Great King to herself and her own ready answers in return, adds: 'Mais ce Samedi même, après cette belle, "Esther," le Roi apprit la mort de la jeune Reine d'Espagne en deux jours après de grands vomissements : cela sent bien le fagot. Le Roi le dit à Monsieur le lendemain qui était hier, la douleur fut vive.

Madame criait les hauts cris, le Roi en sortit tout en larmes.'

The Elector of Bavaria, though brother to Mme. la Dauphine, must have adhered to his resolution, 'point de Française,' for Mademoiselle, the younger daughter of Monsieur and Henrietta of England, she who at the marriage of her sister 'semblait souhaiter un pareil sort,' married the Duke of Savoy. Marie Adelaide, her eldest daughter, became that much loved and deeply lamented Dauphine, the wife of Louis XIV.'s grandson, and the mother of Louis XV. The second daughter, Marie Louise, was married to Philip, Duke of Anjou, also grandson to Louis XIV., whose accession to the throne of Spain after the long wars of the Succession inspired the Grand Monarque with the far-famed *mot*, 'Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées.'

The Duchess of Savoy, as granddaughter of Charles I., disputed the Electress Sophia's title to the crown of England, but, as she

and her children were Roman Catholics, their claim was disregarded. Had her stepbrother, the Regent of France, asserted his claim as grandson of Elizabeth Stuart's eldest son, *religion* could hardly have been alleged as his disqualification. No such claim, however, was preferred, and the Electress Sophia, who as the twelfth child of ruined parents received so cold a welcome into the world, and owed her very name to chance, became the mother of English Kings and German Emperors.

S. & H.

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